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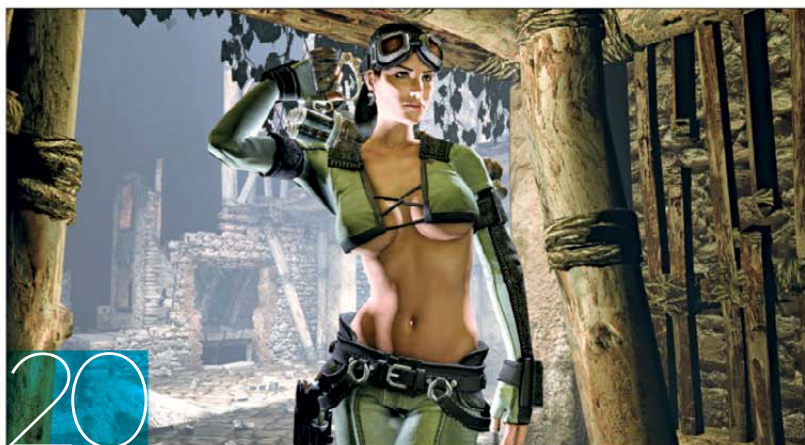
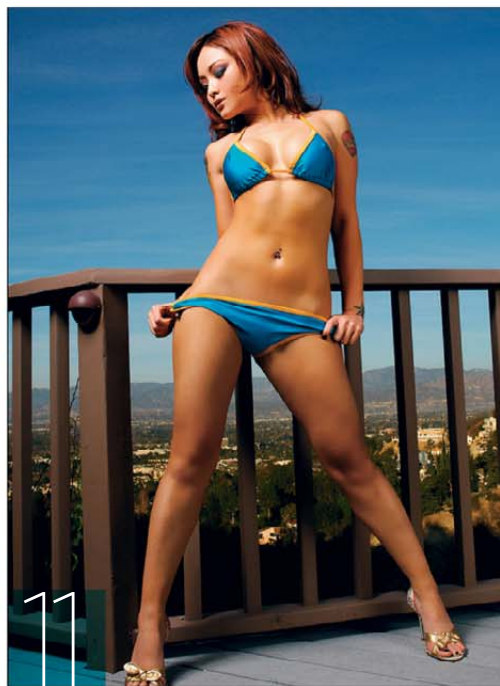
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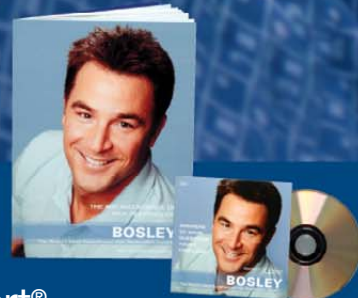
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On Friday afternoon, I was waiting outside my office building with my overnight bag when Mercy drove up. We made a quick stop for wine and pizza before heading over to her house. It wasn't until we'd had a couple of glasses of wine and eaten half the pizza that I asked what movies she had. Mercy smiled and said that it was a surprise. Then she pressed the Play button on the remote and one of our favorite pornos started. I remembered it because it had one of the hottest girl-on-girl scenes.

We started watching, and maybe it was the wine or the fact that I hadn't seen the film in a long time, but by the end, I was really horny. I told her I might have to make a trip to the bathroom to relieve the tension, but she just smiled slyly and said we'd have a hell of a lot more fun if we got each other off. I wasn't really shocked by her comment. After all, we'd already kissed—she was just suggesting we take things to the next level.

We undressed and sat facing each other on the couch. Then we brought our fingers to each other's pussy and began rubbing each other's clit. I love touching my own clit, but feeling Mercy's and seeing the look on her face—which must have mirrored my own—was so erotic. When I slid my fingers inside her, then back to her love button, Mercy moaned and fell back on the cushions. I lay beside her and sucked on her stiff nipple while my fingers moved in and out of her sodden pussy, making her body writhe against mine. Minutes later, Mercy cried out, thrusting her hips against my hand. I've always loved the feeling of coming on my own fingers, but it was nothing compared to Mercy's tight pussy bathing my hand in the throes of orgasm.

Still breathing erratically, Mercy kissed me, swirling her tongue around mine before stopping to tell me how good I'd made her feel and how she wanted to do the same for me. I was more than ready, and told her she could do whatever she wanted to make me come.

"Forum" letters should carry name and address, though these and other identifying characteristics will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send letters to ForumSubmission@ffn.com or *Penthouse* Editorial Dept., 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, N.Y. 10005.

Dirty Sexy Weekend

My first girl-on-girl experience took place in college with my roommate, Mercy. We were graduating and we'd gotten really ripped at a party. The next thing I knew, we were in someone's bed on a pile of coats, making out. Neither of us felt weird the next morning and we actually laughed about it, but we lost touch after graduation. Every now and then I'd think about her and wonder what it would have been like to do more than just kiss.

About five years later, I ran into Mercy. I'd just started a new job, and she worked a few blocks away from me. We went out a few times after

work, then one day she invited me over to her place for the weekend to watch movies while her husband was away visiting family. When Mercy and I were roommates in college, we used to host movie-marathon weekends, which meant we had a constant flow of friends coming and going at all hours who brought pizza, beer, wine, and lots of joints. Each marathon had a theme, and no film was off-limits, including X-rated. I had really missed those marathon weekends, and since my boyfriend isn't into films, I jumped at the invite.

I pushed my hips toward her, straining to get even closer to her mouth, wanting to feel her fingers tunnel into me.



World's Most Valuable Timepiece Disappears

Back in 1933, the single most important watch ever built was engineered for a quiet millionaire collector named Henry Graves. It took over three years and the most advanced horological technique to create the multifunction masterpiece. This one-of-a-kind watch was to become the most coveted piece in the collection of the Museum of Time near Chicago. Recently this ultra-rare innovation was auctioned off for the record price of \$11,030,000 by Sotheby's to a secretive anonymous collector. Now the watch is locked away in a private vault in an unknown location. We believe that a classic like this should be available to true watch aficionados, so Stauer replicated the exact Graves design in the limited edition Graves '33.

The antique enameled face and Bruguet hands are true to the original. But the real beauty of this watch is on the inside. We replicated an extremely complicated automatic movement with 27 jewels and seven hands. There are over 210 individual parts that are assembled entirely by hand and



27 jewels and 210 hand-assembled parts drive this classic masterpiece.

then tested for over 15 days on Swiss calibrators to ensure accuracy. The watches are then inspected in the United States upon their arrival.

What makes rare watches rare?

Business Week states it best... "It's the complications that can have the biggest impact on price." (*Business Week*, July, 2003). The four interior complications on our Graves™ watch display the month, day, date and the 24 hour clock graphically depicts the sun and the moon. The innovative engine for this timepiece is powered by the movement of the body as the automatic rotor winds the mainspring. It never needs batteries and never needs to be

manually wound. The precision crafted gears are "lubricated" by 27 rubies that give the hands a smooth sweeping movement. And the watch is tough enough to stay water resistant to 5 atmospheres. The movement is covered by a 2-year warranty.

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Mercy rolled me onto my back, knelt between my legs, and dragged her tongue over my clit. My body instantly tingled, and I felt a shudder race through me. Mercy looked up at me as her lips and tongue had a free-for-all on my clit, and her fingers relentlessly probed and stroked until she turned and pressed them against my G spot. Then all hell broke loose as I pushed my hips toward her, straining to get even closer to her mouth, wanting to feel her fingers tunnel into me as deep as they could go. I cried out and thrashed against the cushions as my body quaked with pleasure.

The rest of the weekend was filled with more porn and sex than I'd had in the past two weeks with my boyfriend, but neither of us plans on giving up our men or filling them in on our extracurricular fun just yet. For now we've decided to have more nights together like the one I've just described. —C.S., Minnesota

SEX DU JOUR

One afternoon, I noticed a cute, petite Asian woman working in the garden next door. The Realtor sign had disappeared from the fence a few weeks before, so I figured she must be my new neighbor. She stopped working, caught me looking, then walked over and introduced herself. If I had to guess, I'd say she was about a B cup and weighed no more than 100 pounds. I told her I'd noticed all the new flowers in the yard and how nice everything looked. We talked for about an hour, since we both enjoyed gardening and working outside, but I was more interested in finding out if she had a husband, boyfriend, or partner around. I got my answer when she said she'd invite me over as soon as she finished unpacking.

A week later, while I was mowing my lawn, she came out to pull some weeds. When I'd finished with the grass, I told her I was going to make myself a drink and asked if she wanted one. That's how she ended up in my yard helping me work my way through a pitcher of margaritas. After drinks, we both felt more relaxed. We started flirting, feeling each other out. Then the margaritas hijacked my brain, and I asked what her favorite sexual position was. She surprised me by answering, "Either you on top or you from behind." Then we both burst out



laughing and agreed that we'd had enough margaritas for the afternoon. She thanked me and went home.

About two weeks passed before I saw her again. I came home from playing handball and there she was—sunning herself on my patio in a short skirt and a cut-off T-shirt. She said she'd been waiting to invite me over for lunch. I was starving and asked what we were going to have. She just smiled and said, "Wait and see."

I followed her into her house, then into the kitchen. She'd spread a small throw over the table, and there was only one chair.

She hopped onto the table and spread her legs. I ran my tongue up and down her slit, pausing to circle her clit.

"Lunch will be served momentarily," she said. Then she hopped onto the table with ease and told me to have a seat while she slowly spread her legs, revealing a neatly trimmed pussy. I leaned forward and ran my tongue up and down her slit, pausing to circle her clit. She made a sound like a cat purring and wound her hips against my eager mouth and fingers. There wasn't much to her skirt, but I pushed it up anyway so I could see her face when she came. I'll never forget that look of total bliss.

As she basked in the aftermath of that first climax, I stood up and let my shorts fall to the floor. My cock was as stiff as an arrow and wet with pre-come. I pulled her to the edge of the table and took aim, but she was so visibly wet I couldn't help but rub the head of my cock up and down, retracing the path my tongue had taken. She grabbed me and pulled me close for a kiss. Then, after thoroughly sweeping the inside of my mouth with her tongue as if she were checking for land mines, she said, "Mmm. You taste like pussy!"

Okay—that did it for me. I picked her up, looked around frantically, and said, "Bedroom?" She pointed, and I went. When we reached the bed, she crawled up on all fours and said she wanted us to do it doggie-style. I told her to get a good grip on the headboard while I got a grip on my dick, and drove into her. I withdrew slowly and pushed in hard, with her ordering me to do it faster and harder. I did, but if I'd kept pumping into her at that pace, I would have been finished in a matter of seconds, and I didn't think she was quite there.

I suggested we switch positions and flipped her onto her back. Her arms came up around my neck and her legs wrapped around my waist as I started fucking her, first slowly, then faster. My tongue was halfway down her throat when I felt her breathing change. I don't know who started coming first, but we ended up finishing together, out of breath and drenched in sweat. It was awesome, and as soon as we'd recuperated, we did it all over again.

These days, when she invites me over for a meal—and that's several times a week—I know exactly what's on the menu. —F.J., Nebraska

More letters on page 142



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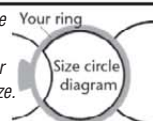
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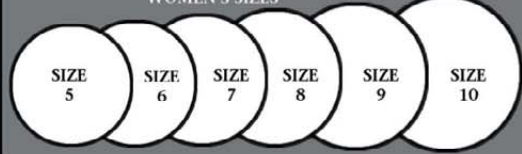
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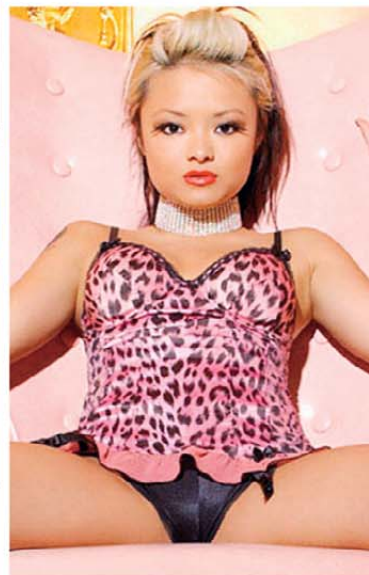
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Hot Type

In a digital age, books are still perfect last-minute gifts—even for yourself!

By Rachel Kramer Bussel

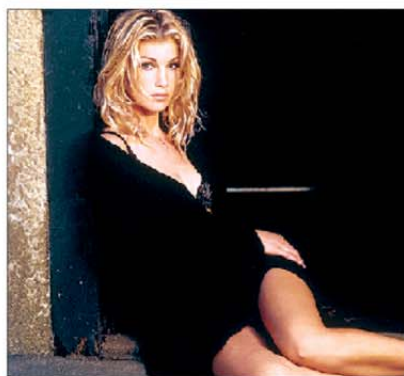
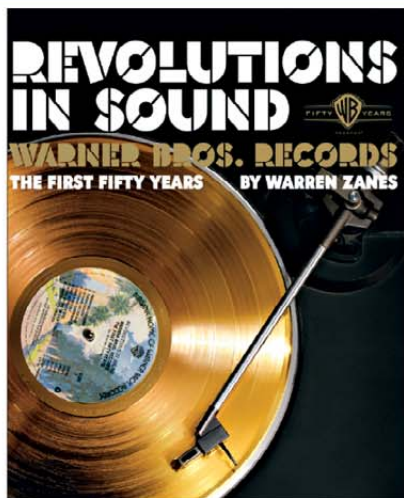


HOOKING UP WITH TILA TEQUILA: A GUIDE TO LOVE, FAME, HAPPINESS, SUCCESS, AND BEING THE LIFE OF THE PARTY

By Tila Tequila with Sarah Tomlinson
(Scribner)

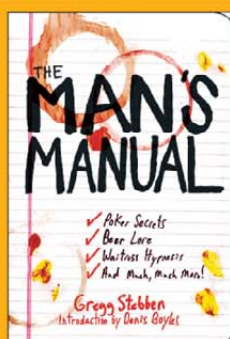
Though this is ostensibly a book geared toward women (its maxim is "Be yourself"), with its countless photos of the MySpace and reality-TV fame magnet in salacious poses, it's really a gift for your best guy pal ... or your bisexual girlfriend. Tila gives sex advice, dishes about how she went from tomboy to "bikini babe," and answers fan questions. She shares her top-five fantasy hookups (No. 1 is Anne Boleyn; No. 2 is Batman) and makes sure it's clear that she's "a real honest to God Bisexual."

But most of the words are simply a pretext for what you really want: sexy photos that'll turn you on (or your best friend, cousin, or girlfriend). There are bikini shots galore, as well as some pinup poses and more playful, casual images. Get this for anyone who was riveted by Tequila's reality show, or simply wants to lust over a hot, outspoken girl who seems to enjoy vamping, stripping down, and showing off her most powerful assets.

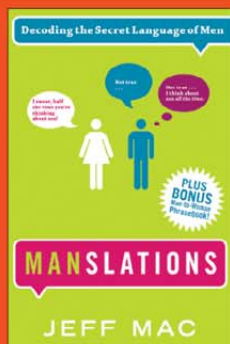


REVOLUTIONS IN SOUND: WARNER BROS. RECORDS THE FIRST FIFTY YEARS
By Warren Zanes
(Chronicle Books)

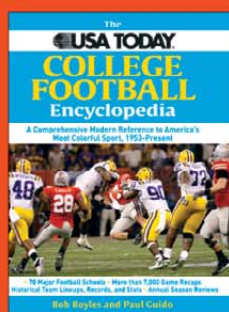
A lavish cornucopia of facts, photographs, album covers, and fascinating anecdotes that will make a dream present for anyone who loves music. From the days of Frank Sinatra, through Prince and Madonna, and up to Linkin Park and My Chemical Romance, Warner Bros. has been, as Zanes points out, an almost ideal melding of art and commerce, where “a modest staff inadvertently arrived at a philosophy that for decades propelled the company: *If we make this about the music, we’ll be okay.*” They did, and they were. This book is the visible proof—and if you splurge on the deluxe edition, which comes with a USB drive containing hundreds of Warner songs, *you’ll be okay, too.*
—Peter Bloch



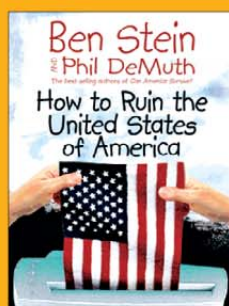
We’ve been publishing excerpts from this indispensable little book (see page 46), but treat yourself—or any man you know—to the entire package from Skyhorse Publishing. Stebben gives pitch-perfect advice concisely, with wit and humor, providing essential how-tos and no more than you need to know. One thing he doesn’t tell you is how to put this book down once you’ve cracked it open.—P.B.



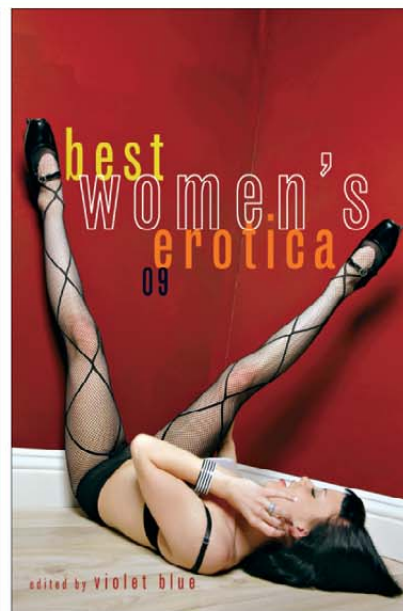
This Sourcebooks guide is a perfect gift for a girlfriend, but be warned: It may be dangerous—for guys! Comedian Jeff Mac spills many secrets, explaining the basics of male thinking in language that’s actually helpful. Instead of the tough love of a *He’s Just Not That Into You*, Mac’s take is that if he’s into a girl, she can do no (okay, a little) wrong, whereas if he’s not, he’ll still try to get her in the sack. If you’re looking for a laugh (or just want to see what questions women have about dating) check this out.—R.K.B.



A Skyhorse Publishing touchdown that more than lives up to its oversize title, including a comprehensive history of the major teams. Its more than 1,300 fact-filled pages bristle with statistics and profiles of the top players and coaches, as well as instant replays of 7,000-plus games. There is no better gift for the sports addict on your list. And you’ll want to keep this authoritative tome on hand yourself to resolve those inevitable football disputes or wagers.—P.B.



You might not agree with everything in this provocative analysis of how the world’s greatest nation is heading to self-destruction—but the authors’ insights will resonate even with people who differ politically. As President Obama takes office, the authors insist that it’s high time we all remember the values on which our country was built. This book, from New Beginnings Press, isn’t for red states or blue states—it’s vital reading for all concerned citizens.—P.B.



BEST WOMEN'S EROTICA 2009
Edited by Violet Blue
(Cleis Press)

This annual collection of sexy stories is known for pushing the envelope with its kinky, wild, and always explicit tales. This year is no exception, with such stories as “The Bitch in His Head” and “Pasta With Blue Cheese and Anal” (can you go wrong with a title like that?). Even though this book is billed as “women’s erotica,” it’s actually ideal for you and your woman to read out loud to each other.

These stories play on women’s most outrageous fantasies: A wife gets “Lent Out” by her husband to another man, a woman seduces her sexy salsa instructor, and another takes her husband with a dildo. A male professor in Jacqueline Applebee’s story “Hush” asks his student to use a sex toy on him (a nice change—usually it’s the other way around): “He had something he loved, and a thing that he never thought anyone else would want to indulge him with.” Here, he gets exactly what he’s after, and so does she.

These are fantasies in which women often run the show, but what they desire may surprise you and give you ideas about what you might want to try in the bedroom.—R.K.B.



You Say You Want a Revolution?

Well, unfortunately, the much-hyped Che biopic is not it.

By Joshua Rothkopf

Che

Benicio Del Toro, Benjamin Bratt, Franka Potente

Remember when Del Toro could really light a fire under a movie's ass? Sure, it's been a while since he stole 1995's *The Usual Suspects* (and mystified English-as-first-languagers) with his mumbling, unhinged Fenster, or won his 2001 Oscar for *Traffic*. But Del Toro is a keeper, from the old-school Bogie/Mitchum mold. That's a lot to live up to—he better get started soon. So it comes with deep regret—an “Ah, fuck!” level bummer—that *Che*, Del Toro's most substantial role to date, arrives stillborn. On paper, the match is perfect: Who better to play the Argentine intellectual-turned-

revolutionary than the galvanizing Del Toro, an actor who doesn't have to “play” smart to be smart? And who better to direct Del Toro than his *Traffic* comrade Steven Soderbergh? Alas, the four-hour-plus epic is uninterested in delivering much at all of Che's verve, his radicalization, or his subsequent doubts. Del Toro rarely gets to turn on his charm. Instead, someone thought it was a good idea to make a \$60 million picture about battle tactics: jungle skirmish after bloody jungle skirmish. Granted, revolutions are fought on the ground. But they're also fought in the mind, and to reduce as inspiring a figure as Guevara to a mere battalion leader shows a lack of political seriousness. *Che* is a resolutely dispassionate movie—the last thing you would say about its ostensible subject. It's as if that famously oversold Che T-shirt has been replaced by a beige smock.

PREVIEWS



The Uninvited

David Strathairn, Elizabeth Banks, Arielle Kebbel

Tired of Asian horror re-makes? No? Then enjoy Hollywood's take on 2003's Korean creep-fest *A Tale of Two Sisters*. The fairly conventional plot's got a dead mom, a fragile daughter, a wayward father, and a randy live-in nurse. But the supporting cast is surprisingly strong: What are Banks (*Zack and Miri*) and Strathairn (*Good Night, and Good Luck*) doing here? If the answer is “paying the bills,” we might just give up the ghost.—J.R.



Notorious

Jamal Woolard, Anthony Mackie, Derek Luke

This long-anticipated biopic about Biggie Smalls (Woolard) has us fully amped. Most follow a typical formula; *Notorious* should prove no different—Biggie's was a storybook life—but it's guaranteed to have better beats. The supremely talented Mackie (*Half Nelson*), as Tupac Shakur, has a huge burden to carry, and it'll be fun to see hip-hop stars brought to life by actors (Luke as Diddy!), but expect the movie's sympathies to be one-sided.—J.R.

REVIEW III



Last Chance Harvey
Dustin Hoffman, Emma Thompson

Gone are the days when Hoffman reminded us of Simon & Garfunkel or “plastics.” These days, he reminds us of an irrepressibly boyish rabbi. But you might not notice that so much with *Last Chance Harvey*, in which Hoffman and Thompson fully commit to characters kicking off middle-age doldrums with an impulsive London affair. Divorced Harvey is wincing over losing his jingle-writing job and watching his estranged daughter bond with her stepfather. Kate, a lonely airline worker, could use some cheering up, too, and not from her mum. Diabetics should be warned that there are at times dangerous levels of saccharine cuteness, but Hoffman and Thompson play it like it’s sudden-death overtime—they are so good, you won’t sweat the minor flaws.—J.R.

Present Perfect

The people who brought you *The Sopranos* might just save your last-minute-gift-buying ass.

By Barbara Rice Thompson

Is HBO back? The once-sizzling network delivers again with *Generation Kill*, a seven-part series—based on the nonfiction book of the same name—about the 1st Recon Marines at the forefront of the invasion of Baghdad. It’s a true-to-modern-warfare look at an elite team of warriors who, under the watchful eye of a reporter, have to tackle the familiar (clearing villages, setting up roadblocks) and unfamiliar (shepherding hundreds of civilians to safety). It’s well worth your time.

Band of Brothers on Blu-ray hit stores on Veterans Day, and although it’s basically the same package as the original DVD—and, we’re happy to see, it still comes in the cool metal case—it’s a great gift for anyone who’s upgraded to high-def.

HBO also is releasing full-series sets for the motherfucking-brilliant gothic Western *Deadwood*, whose too-short lifespan we’re still lamenting, and *The Wire*, the best show ever to feature a newspaper editor as a



central character, which managed to stay fresh and intriguing via a new-season-new-bad-guys format.

And now for something completely different: *The Complete Monty Python’s Flying Circus* megaset includes every single episode of the groundbreaking and still strange British comedy series, plus bonus features galore. Among the new extras are a “Before the Flying Circus” featurette exploring the cast members’ influences and “Monty Python Conquers America,” on their unlikely success on these shores. Our personal favorite is “Monty Python Live” and its look at Python performances.

The *Austin Powers*

Collection: Shagadelic Edition Loaded With Extra Mojo puts the international man of mystery on Blu-ray. We’re not so sure about the loaded-with-extra-mojo claim, though. All three movies have the previously issued bonus features, and the apparently groovy new features include “inside-the-movie focus points” on *Austin Powers in Goldmember*. Full details on extras weren’t available at press time, but there have got to be some funny outtakes of Mike Myers busting loose on set. Let’s hope some of that finds its way onto this set.

Yule A Go-Go takes the inexplicably popular tradition of watching a log burn on a TV screen and spices it up with our favorite “put some life in your log” ingredient: scantily clad ladies. Thirteen burlesque performers shimmy down to pasties and G-strings while “go-go-tastic” versions of holiday classics play. You may never be satisfied watching just a yule log again... if you ever were. 





Living the Dream

She's young, sexy, talented, and ... sexy. If there's something In This Moment lead singer Maria Brink can't do, we want to know about it. No, really, call us. By Rebecca Swanner

Move over, Christina Aguilera—when it comes to MILF-iness, even you've got nothing on Maria Brink. And hers is such an inspiring tale, too! At 15, Brink was a pregnant high school dropout (stay with us, it gets hotter). Several years later, determined to make it in the music business, Brink drove from upstate New York to Los Angeles with her young son. The effort clearly paid off: Today, Brink is lead howler for rising metal swashbucklers In This Moment. The band recently released its sophomore record, the heavy and sweet slab of vocal shrapnel called *The Dream*. Funny—after our chat we totally had to pinch ourselves.

We're suckers for girls with ink, but cheesy tattoos are, well, cheesy. What's the cheesiest metal tattoo you'd consider getting?

The new one I just got isn't cheesy, but it's pretty funny. We're touring with Five Finger Death Punch and Bury Your Dead, and all the bands got matching tattoos that combined our symbols. It's a clock with a bear head in it with brass knuckles in its mouth. I literally got offstage in my pink dress and this guy started tattooing my arm. I was sweaty and everything.

That sounds ... slippery. Is it true you and your guitarist, Chris Howorth, almost came to blows while working on the first album?

Yeah, because a song would be totally heavy from beginning to end. If a song calls for it, cool, but sometimes I'd want it to have more emotion and not just have it be a grind.

Are you two going to need an intervention, à la Metallica?

No, actually the second album was so smooth. I think touring with Ozzy Osbourne for months and hearing those beautiful, timeless songs made Chris realize what I wanted. It didn't have to be all intense craziness.

Speaking of crazy—can we just say that your look is crazy sexy?

I feel sexy onstage in my little doll dresses because they pouf out but they're short and low-cut in the front.

Go on ...

Sometimes I like to just wear a tight, cute, black dress or a corset. But I like wearing the girlie corsets with the white fringe and flowers on them, not the Dungeons & Dragons bondage-looking ones.

Not that there's anything wrong with that ...

MAIN STAGE /// BY REBECCA SWANNER

School's Out

Kanye West struggles with post-Graduation blues.

808s and Heartbreak

(Roc-A-Fella/Island Def Jam)

★★★

Penthouse Pick: "Tell Everybody That You Know"

Kanye West is not the same man he once was. Between 2007's *Graduation Day*—his last release and the final entry in a collegial trilogy—and the new *808s and Heartbreak*, West's mother died and he split with his fiancée. It was time for the Bush-bashing megawatt star to get serious while ditching his adoration of labels and the "good life."

That's not to say he doesn't still have cash to burn: The album was recorded in Hawaii and features Young Jeezy, who busts the album's sole rap lyric on "So Amazing." Later, Lil Wayne chimes in on the heavy, rock-charged track "That You Know." But a somber vibe pervades the proceedings.

And it isn't just champagne beats that are missing—so is West's voice. Throughout the record, from the sparse single "Love Lockdown" to the telling "Welcome to the Heartbreak," the rhymes come in higher pitches, with so much reverb it leaves your head ringing, and not necessarily in a good way. The words still matter—it's just harder to understand them.

For purists, this might feel like a misstep ("Robocop" is an ostensible love song that invokes the twisted obsession of Stephen King's *Misery*). And yes, this album marks West's move away from his well-formed fierceness, in exchange for a meandering existential meditation. But perhaps it's just an unexpected chess move by a master that temporarily leaves the player vulnerable, then perfectly positioned to steal your queen.



DISCOGRAPHY



The College Dropout
Roc-A-Fella/Island Def Jam (2004)

This almost-perfect debut established the producer as a star in his own right with hilarious, thoughtful rhymes and a knack for speeding up soul samples to a Chipmunks' rate.

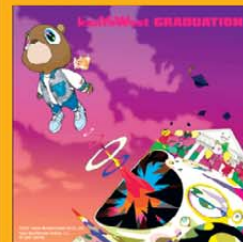
Penthouse Pick: "Family Business"



Late Registration
Roc-A-Fella/Island Def Jam (2005)

More ambitious than its predecessor in every way, this smash finds Kanye with Oscar winners (Jamie Foxx), superstar rappers (Jay-Z), and alt-folk idols (Fiona Apple producer Jon Brion).

Penthouse Pick: "Gone"



Graduation
Roc-A-Fella/Island Def Jam (2007)

Kanye cuts the clutter—and most of the guest stars—marrying his most personal raps to date with undeniably massive, stadium-worthy beats.

Penthouse Pick: "Good Life"



SOUNDS

Six Easy Pieces

Time is running out for holiday shopping and you're *this close* to screwing the pooch entirely. Not to worry. Here are half a dozen hits for the music lovers on your list. By Rebecca Swanner

■ **The Clash by the Clash**

(Grand Central Publishing)

Plenty of books have been written about reggae-fied punk geniuses the Clash, but none are as eye-popping as this one. The intimate photos and detailed narrative make it a must-have for any fan of the self-proclaimed only band that matters.

■ **The Way I Am by Eminem**

(Dutton)

After a few mostly quiet years, guess who's back? Eminem returns with a new record and an autobiography/coffee-table book that goes light on the drama but delves deeply into his music. The scribbled lyrics make it like a bound version of *8 Mile*.

■ **Perception by the Doors**

(Rhino)

Get ready to break on through to the other side (and, um, love Jim Morrison and his mates two times!) with 12 discs packed with classics, deep cuts, bonus DVD material, and even a couple of newly released tracks.

■ **Kind of Blue: 50th Anniversary by Miles Davis**

(Sony BMG)

If you haven't yet picked up this classic disc (and don't let the genre fool you—this record transcends jazz), do it now with an expansive set. Two CDs, the vinyl LP, a DVD, and a book provide the necessary intro to a complicated, mercurial master.

■ **33¹/₃ Books**

(Continuum)

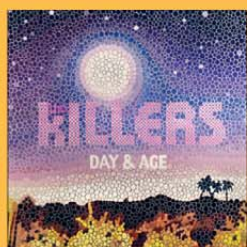
The 33¹/₃ series gets into the deep-grooved nitty gritty of dozens of important records. Go ahead—drop some serious science on the Beastie Boys' *Paul's Boutique* or U2's *Achtung Baby* at the company holiday party.

■ **The Gonzo Tapes: The Life and Work of Dr. Hunter S. Thompson by Hunter S. Thompson**

(Shout Factory)

Perhaps no other journalist embraced his First and Second Amendment rights with as much razor's-edge gusto as Thompson. The proud guzzler of narcotics, megaphoned speaker of truth to power, and godfather of gonzo's ballsy, brazen reportorial approach has justifiably gotten the hagiography treatment of late. This five-CD collection captures the observations, reflections, and mad ramblings of the good doctor from 1965 to 1975, when he was at the height of his powers.

REVIEWS // BY ANDY GREENWALD



THE KILLERS

Day & Age
(Atlantic)

★★★★

Sound Check: Las Vegas's finest rockers return with a delightfully glam third album.

Amplification: Producer Stuart Price opts for intricate layers of sound, such as the gorgeous synth washes on "Human" and the awesome African chanting on "This Is Your Life."

Last Note: *Day & Age* succeeds because of its tight focus: ten songs, all memorable, none of which overstays its welcome. Not even the one about the tiger.

Penthouse Pick: "This Is Your Life"



TRACE ADKINS

X

(Capitol Nashville)

★★★

Sound Check: Nashville veteran Trace Adkins has survived a bullet through his heart, a novelty hit called "Honky Tonk Badonkadonk," and *Celebrity Apprentice*.

Amplification: Adkins has a nimble voice and uses it to great effect here, shifting from sly funkabilly humor ("Let's Do That Again") to pious thanksgiving ("Happy to Be Here").

Last Note: "Sometimes a Man Takes a Drink" is the best pro-boozing song of the year.

Penthouse Pick: "I Can't Outrun You"



ANYA MARINA

Slow and Steady

Seduction, Phase II
(Chop Shop/Atlantic)

★★

Sound Check: Smoky-voiced Anya Marina brings her slightly snoozy indie folk to the masses. **Amplification:** The San Diego-based Marina is at her best when the mood is light, the subject flirty—as on the jazzy "All the Same to Me."

Last Note: Marina can be favorably judged by the company she keeps—she collaborates here with members of Spoon, Louis XIV, and Unwritten Law—though those bands are better on their own.

Penthouse Pick: "Cut It Out"



SCOTT WEILAND

Happy in Galoshes
(Softdrive)

★★

Sound Check: Weiland—the Stone Temple Pilots' frontman and skinny-jeans fan—spreads 19 decent but schizophrenic tracks over two discs.

Amplification: Weiland invites listeners on an unfocused stroll through the psyche of a rock-star survivor.

Last Note: The self-aware posturing on the best tracks ("Blister on My Soul," "Sometime Chicken Soup") is refreshing. Let's just never speak of his cover of David Bowie's "Fame."

Penthouse Pick: "Blister on My Soul"



COMMON

Universal Mind Control
(Geffen)

★★★★

Sound Check: Between acting gigs, Chicago emcee Common mixed it up with the Neptunes for his eighth release.

Amplification: His conversational flow makes him eminently adaptable to the gargantuan chunks of futuristic robo-funk thrown at him here by Pharrell & Co.—it's old school in outer space.

Last Note: Fans of Common's experimental 2002 *Electric Circus*—all nine of you!—can seek solace in the hippie rap detour "Changes."

Penthouse Pick: "Gladiator"

Official PENTHOUSE Guitar Straps available at
www.perris.ca





Damnation

(CODEMASTERS) XBOX 360, PS3, PC
★★

Damnation doesn't have anything to do with the undead. Surprising, eh? But that doesn't mean there's not a lot going on: It's a steampunk-influenced, cowboy-themed, third-person action shooter that is big on acrobatics, climbing, and New Agey-sounding powers ... set during the Civil War. The game was originally the runner-up in a contest in which players used the *Unreal 3* engine to create a new stand-alone title. (At first, *Damnation* was to be a movie, but the contest was so appealing to developers they ran with it.) There are a handful of similarities between the two games, including their verdant, vast forests, dynamic lighting, and taste for crazy vehicular stunts. But *Damnation's* narrative is altogether different—instead of fighting space aliens, you've got to stop a maniacal industrialist from wiping out both sides of the nationwide battle. To accomplish this, you'll have to make like Superman and scale tall walls, jump impossible distances, and utilize your "spirit vision" to help you mow through leagues of faceless minions. Wait, "spirit vision"? Okay, never mind all that Superman business.

PREVIEW



RISE OF THE ARGONAUTS (CODEMASTERS) XBOX 360, PS3, PC

In this epic adventure role-playing game, you star as Jason, the hero on the quest for the Golden Fleece, which will bring his assassinated wife back to life. Easy, right? Just head on down to your local camping store, and ... yeah, no. You've got to journey over islands dedicated to the gods to claim your treasure.

Rocks: The freaky monsters (a winged wolf!); palling around with Hercules, Pan, and Achilles; and gory, realistic killing (in other words, don't expect to survive getting kabob'd by a spear). **Flops:** This reminds us way too much of *God of War*; the combat scenes fall flat.



DEADLY CREATURES (THQ) Wii ★★

Are you a scorpion or a spider? That's the choice of characters you have in this action title. As you progress through the storyline, the insects fight for their lives against other bug species and humans who may or may not be armed with Raid. **Rocks:** Excellent use of the Wii: You jump, sting, and bite, all by shaking the remote, while attacking baddies like rattlesnakes and a Gila monster. **Flops:** If ever a game were built for cooperative play, this is it. And yet—there is none.

BY REBECCA SWANNER

Complete Console

Some famous gaming gear just got a whole lot gearier—so which one is now the geariest?

Xbox 360

Have you logged on to Xbox LIVE lately? Microsoft has joined with Netflix to allow Gold members to watch films instantly and share movies with fellow Gold-accounters. Since it looks like Sony is winning the format war, this is an excellent way for Xbox to compete in nongaming ways—and for Microsoft to continue its quest to turn American homes into networks. The Xbox LIVE Experience, with avatars and downloadable games, hits this spring. Cost: \$60 for a year of Xbox Gold, plus your Netflix subscription.

PS3

Sony thinks there's no real reason to leave home. Or make that Home, its much-anticipated online social network. It's accessible via the Play-Station Network, and you'll be able to create an avatar and a place to live and communicate with other gamers. It feels like a thinner *Second Life*, but can man survive on dominatrices alone? (Okay, yes, but that's besides the point.) Cost: Free with purchase of the PS3, or if you already own one.

Winner: Xbox. We'd rather shell out the dough and watch new flicks than play virtual make-believe.

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Erica Ellyson
2008 Pet of the Year

Andie Valentino
May 2007
Pet of the Month

Bree Olson
March 2008
Pet of the Month

Jessica Jaymes
August 2008
Pet of the Month

This is an entertainment service available to wireless subscribers 18 years of age and up. Available on Verizon Wireless, AT&T, Alltel, Virgin Mobile and Cricket Wireless 99¢ per message received; Cincinnati Bell \$1.99 per message received; Boost \$6.99 per month unlimited messages; Sprint & Nextel \$19.99 per month unlimited messages from our network of professional chatters and will appear on your wireless bill. Standard rate charges may apply. Unlimited chat may not apply on all carriers. Persons and models depicted may not be available for chat. To report or block chat participants who are abusive or threatening, please email us support@50760.com. Text HELP to 50760 for help or email us at support@50760.com. Text STOP to 50760 to quit. By providing your mobile number you are agreeing to receive new service marketing messages. Visit www.50760.com for more information.

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Holiday Spirits

A decent bottle of liquor is the ultimate last-minute gift. It's quick to buy, easy to wrap, and—assuming you choose wisely—designed to impress. Oh, and there's the fun-to-drink factor.

By Barbara Rice Thompson

BAR ART

The Essential Artists series from **1800 Tequila** is sure to please anyone who's into cool-looking barware or, you know, art. Bonus—the tequila is good. The company commissioned nine artists from America and Mexico to design these limited-edition bottles; 1,800 of each are available in stores for \$35.

We're partial to Jorge Alderete's screaming green girl (far right) and Urban Medium's pinup (far left).

It's the perfect gift for an artist trying to get a rep, since your friend can submit a design at 1800Tequila.com for their upcoming ad-campaign competition.



THE POUR HOUSE

ALL-AMERICAN ATTITUDE



Your NASCAR-loving buddies will get off on the story behind **Junior Johnson's Midnight Moon** moonshine. As much as we appreciate the “yes we can” spirit that led to bathtub gin and rum runners, we’ve always felt that there’s something uniquely American about the balls-out attitude of moonshiners. NASCAR legend Junior Johnson grew up working the family still, and served 11 months for a 1956 moonshining conviction. (He went on to make it to tenth place on NASCAR’s all-time victory list and received a presidential pardon from Ronald Reagan.) Now he’s working with the only legal spirits distiller in North Carolina to produce this moonshine from his family’s generations-old recipe. It’s available in 11 states, mostly in the South, for about \$20, and by special order. (PiedmontDistillers.com)

ACROSS THE POND

Need a gift for a guy? You can’t go wrong with a decent bottle of whisky. (Okay, you can, but we hope you already know to *not* buy liquor for an alcoholic.) Single-malt Scotch is the badass of the spirits playground, both in attitude and quality, so it’ll cost you ... *and* earn you some serious gratitude.

You *really* can’t go wrong with the Glenlivet ... or any other Glen, for that matter. **The Glenlivet XXV** 25-year-old is pricey (\$350), but worth every penny, and it comes in a wooden box, minimizing your chance of crying over broken Scotch. The hand-selected vintage is finished in oak sherry casks, which adds a spicy flavor to the distiller’s well-known light and fruity taste. If that’s too steep for your budget, opt for a younger liquor; the 12-year-old Glenlivet can be picked up for a tenth that, and the 15-, 18-, and 20-year-olds fall somewhere in between. (Other single malts of similar ages tend to be in the same price range.) And if by chance you’re the one person who didn’t get slammed by the economic meltdown, try a bottle from the Glenlivet Cellar Collection. The new 40-year-old goes for \$750.

For a slightly less expensive way to fulfill an obligation, try a blended whiskey. Bushmills Irish whiskey is celebrating its 400th anniversary with the limited-edition **Bushmills 1608** (\$100), available in the States through December, then only at the Bushmills shop. The bottling was distilled with crystal malt, which results in a sweet smoothness. Again, there are other options as well: The 10-year-old goes for about \$40; the 16-year-old runs about \$60.

Need something for someone who’s really into the Old Country? **Tullamore Dew**, the number-two Irish whiskey, is proud to be the only global whiskey brand that is still owned by an Irish company. There’s a new limited bottling of its 10-year-old (\$35) and a 12-year-old (\$39); you can even get a traditional ceramic crock with a cork stopper (\$33).

Johnnie Walker Blue Label (\$200), the distiller’s premium blended whisky, is smooth, smoky, and meant to be savored like a single malt, with or without a fine cigar. Your only problem will be figuring out how to top it next year. If necessary, lower expectations by choosing Red Label (\$20), Black Label (\$25), Green Label (\$50), or Gold Label (\$80).

SOUTH OF THE BORDER

Shake up a New Year’s Eve party with a shot of Cinco de Mayo spirit by showing up with one of these hand-blown, wax-sealed bottles. **Voodoo Tiki Tequila** (\$60 to \$72) is aged in barrels that were carved from ancient voodoo tikis, so, as the company’s legend has it, the residual magic is absorbed by the tequila. Whatever. All we know is, the tequila is tasty; it’s 100 percent agave, which means minimal hangover effects; and the glass tiki in the bottle is cuter than a mescal worm.

We’re not fond of flavored spirits, but **Tabasco Spicy Tequila** (\$22) is like a one-stop shop for a bloody Maria. Finally, a combination that makes sense. Just think how much fun you can have coming up with spicy variations on all your favorite tequila cocktails. We loved the kick it added to the kind-of-boring tequila sunrise (the distiller has dubbed the variant a “tequila sunburst”), and it makes a *really* good shot.



INTO THE LAND OF WOMEN

How about something for that hot chick who's into the girliest drinks known to man? **St-Germain** elderflower liqueur (\$33) is, well, made of elderflowers, which are handpicked in the foothills of the Alps and transported to the distillery by Frenchmen on bicycles. The company recommends adding a shot and a half to champagne ... 'cause God knows the world needs another champagne cocktail. But your lady friend will love the romantic back story, not to mention the art deco-style bottle.



I SMELL BURNING RUBBER

A true blast from the past gives high gas prices the finger, and blends old and new into the ultimate muscle car.

By Bill Heald

Imagine you live in a time when big, angry V-8 engines are commonplace and gas costs 36 cents a gallon. Sound good? Unfortunately, the early seventies were also the time of Vietnam, bell-bottoms, love beads, and Richard Nixon. Yikes! Thankfully, to help folks escape that Axis of Evil, Dodge built the ultimate getaway car. It was called the Challenger, and it was Mopar's hot-rod answer to Mustangs and Camaros, and a genuine street brawler to boot. The 1970 Challenger boasted a huge HEMI (short for a hemispherical combustion chamber) V-8, superaggressive styling, and a certain knack for getting attention. This was an age when massive amounts of horsepower managed to accelerate these heavy, crude rides with such dispatch that the force would push you deep into the seat when you floored the pedal.

Clearly times have changed. A full tank of gas is now as much as a car payment was in the days of disco, and people are far more interested in hybrids than HEMIs. Or are they? Despite the price of crude, driving enthusiasts still love pumped-up American iron, and in the past few years we've seen the triumphant return of the Ford Mustang (and Chevrolet has a new Camaro on the way). But while these cool cars can have some serious ponies under the hood, they may have to take a backseat to Dodge's new Challenger SRT8. This brawny version of the new Challenger may trigger acid flashbacks and Woodstock déjà vu for the elder dudes who drove the original, but the rest of us get to see what all the fuss was about without all the tie-dyed baggage. Better yet, we get a car that is loaded with the latest twenty-first-century technical wizardry and creature comforts while still being seriously ripped.



SPECIFICATIONS


Body style	Two-door coupe
Engine	6.1-liter HEMI V-8
Power	425 horsepower
Torque	420 foot-pounds
Transmission	Six-speed manual
Front tires	P245/45ZR20
Rear tires	P255/45ZR20
Curb weight	4,140 pounds

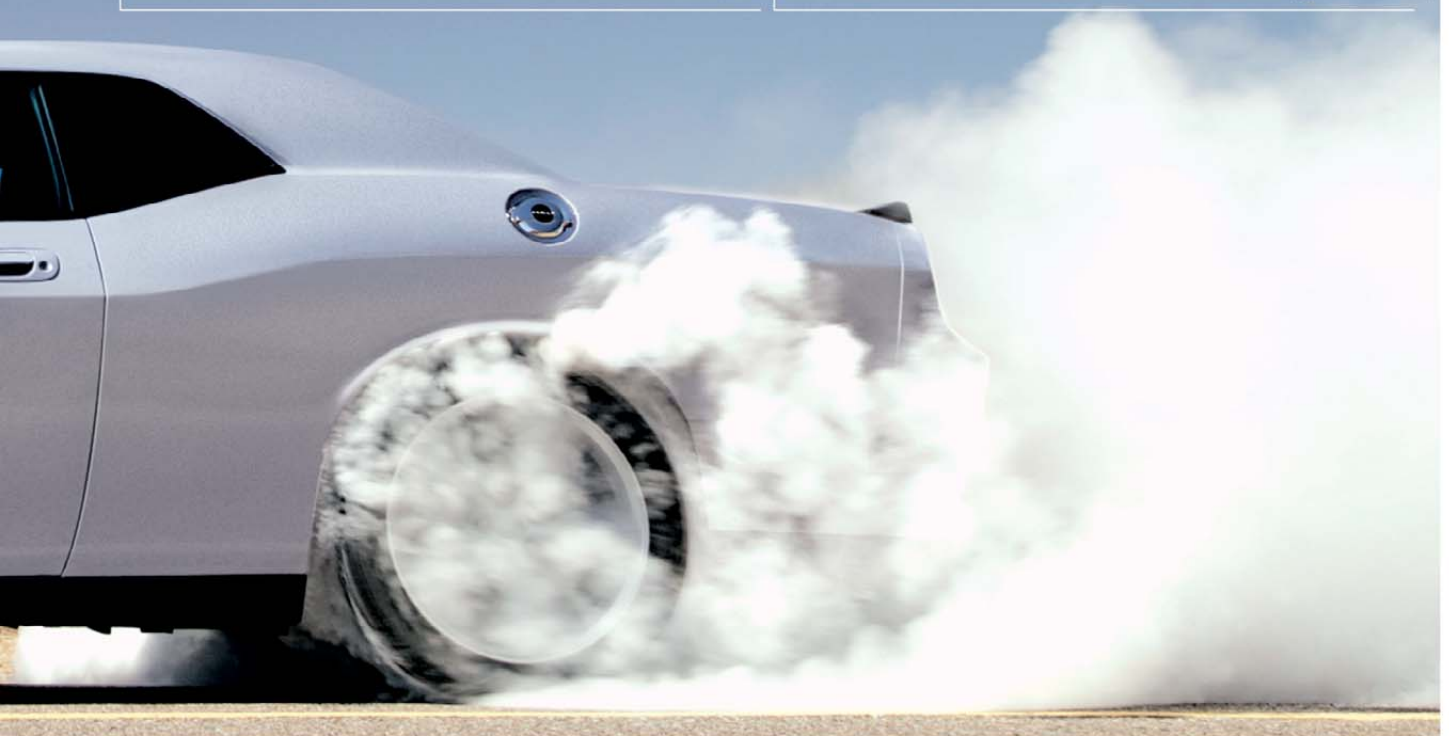
PERFORMANCE

0-60	4.9 seconds
Top speed	170 mph
Fuel capacity	19 gallons
Fuel economy	14 city/22 highway
Price (as tested)	\$44,680

True, there are other, less costly versions of the Challenger that are more mild-mannered, but I suggest you ignore them. To really experience what the nameplate stands for, you have to spring for the SRT8. This is the real deal, with a 6.1-liter HEMI V-8 that pumps out a healthy 425 horsepower. This car's deep, rumbling exhaust note is addictive, and when the engine is under full song there's nothing like it this side of a drag strip. Last year only the automatic transmission was available, but now there's a crisp six-speed manual to move the power to the 255-size rear tires. Not only are the ratios perfectly matched to the engine, but the clutch is light and easy to modulate for smokin' burnouts. A classic pistol-grip shifter fits your hand like it was custom-made, and the perfectly contoured bucket seats cling to you like your favorite passenger grips you on a sport bike. This is a very good thing, because the car makes you do

wild things to the g-meter as you accelerate, brake, and throw the machine around corners with reckless enthusiasm. But no matter how fun the trip gets, the Challenger stays poised and easy to control, with a fully independent suspension derived from the Chrysler 300 sedan, powerful performance brakes, and (fully cancelable) Electronic Stability Control.

Which brings us to the best thing about the Challenger SRT8: It's exactly what it's supposed to be. It's a contemporary version of a vehicle that was celebrated when dinosaur juice was cheap and carbon footprints were the stuff of science fiction. Chrysler designed this car perfectly, for it has all the power and allure of the seventies' speed culture blended with the ride, handling, and technological sophistication the original Challenger could only dream of. And hey—with gas so expensive, you might as well enjoy every gallon. 



Turn On, Plug

Upgrade your music-listening experience by extending your iPod bubble.

By Jonathan Ages • Photographs by Nicholas Eveleigh

The iPod has finally hit the ceiling. Basically, it ain't getting much better. And let's face it, none of the iPod wannabes have made a ripple in the MP3-

player market. The big innovations these days are in accessories, so pick up these add-ons and take your iPod to a whole new level.



T612
ALTEC LANSING
\$200

Feedback works in a lot of great songs, but don't let your cellphone signal arbitrarily add static. The T612 eliminates interference, so you can plug in your iPod or iPhone and hear clear music that's free of white noise and *Star Trek* beeps. This small speaker produces crisp highs and big bass, as if there's a subwoofer tucked behind the grille. The bass gets a little muddy at times, but only when the volume is jacked up to Spinal Tap-inspired levels.



SE110MPA
SHURE
\$155

Those freebie earbuds make better fashion accessories than headphones. To *hear* your music, try these sleek, armature driver buds, which fit all iPods and iPhones. The sound is balanced and rich, and six sound-isolating sleeves provide a comfortable, customized fit. The cord is relatively tangle-free and unlikely to fray, but the phone adapter is a little cumbersome, and the caller sounds like a post-pubescent C-3PO.



IMAINGO 2
PORTABLE SOUND
LABORATORIES, INC.
\$40

This palmsize boom box and protective case is a serious contender in the Mini-Me weight class. It can be adjusted to fit almost any MP3 player, and its velvet-like lining will keep the unit scratch-free. The speakers are sturdy and pack surprising punch, so it works great in small spaces. The bass is sloppy, but considerable for an affordable, portable system. Just don't throw it over your shoulder like Radio Raheem.

In, Drop Out



SIMPLIFI DOCK
GRIFFIN
\$70

Toss that tangled web of USB cords. Got a stash of memory-card readers, too? Chuck 'em. Griffin's new Simplifi—with its USB port and major memory-card format readers—will clear the clutter from your desk and allow you to directly upload or download iPod and iPhone files, so you don't always need your computer. Plus, the brushed aluminum casing and glossy white plastic front make for good desk candy.



BEATS
MONSTER CABLE
\$350

Dr. Dre's signature Beats are designed for unadulterated listening satisfaction. The speaker drivers thump with lush bass on hip-hop tracks and shiver with treble during piercing guitar solos. The phone adapter fits all iPhones and is compact and convenient. The sound-isolation system must be on to hear music, so you'll have to get used to the depressurized-air feeling. But who cares? These headphones are like a happy-ending massage for your ears.

This iPod/iPhone-ready dual-dock alarm clock isn't your average wake-up call.



DUAL DOCK ALARM CLOCK
ILUV
\$130

This iPod/iPhone-ready alarm clock isn't your average wake-up call. It plays music from either iPod while charging both. The remote controls the clock and the iPod menu, and stows on the unit's back. The bass is a little anorexic, but the overall levels are clear and beefy enough to fill a large bedroom. Also, the snooze button is huge, so the late sleeper can slap it without lifting an eyelid, 'cause being on time is overrated.



■ THE DREADMILL

"If you're going to approach a girl at the gym, do it when she's on her way to the water fountain—not when she's on the treadmill or in the middle of a set. I had one guy come up to me in the middle of a set and I just threw up a finger in his face. He didn't say anything. He just put his head down, turned around, and walked away with his tail between his legs. The very worst time to approach a girl is when she's on the leg abductor—the sex machine. I'd be really pissed if someone approached me when I'm spread-eagle on a machine."

■ KEEP YOUR PANTS ON

"If a chick is interested, she'll go up to a guy and ask him a workout question. Guys can't do that, though. In fact, the next time a guy does that to me I'm gonna pants him!"

■ NO NIP SLIPS

"Do you know how many guys I've seen—and given a dirty look to—wearing those wifebeaters that hang so low their effing nipples hang out?"


■ WHICH WAY TO THE BEACH?

"There's this guy at my gym who, after every set, gets up and looks at his abs in the mirror. Flexing at the gym is a definite no-no."

■ THREAD THE NEEDLE

"Classes can be a good place to pick up, 'cause at the end of a class there's a bond between people. You've just experienced something together. And if you make eye contact with women during class they'll know you're hetero—unless you wear those short-ass short-shorts. Oh, and don't fart in her face when you're doing the downward-facing dog or whatever it's called."

■ EAU DE TOILET

"There is such a thing as deodorant, and there is no way that you work out so hard that you burn through it. If you smell bad, then you've either forgotten to put on deodorant or you've shit yourself. I've smelled guys in the gym who have stunk up the room so badly they've cleared out half of the weight-machine area. And whenever that guy comes over to my area, I tell him to go away. Clearly, I'm no angel." 

HeavyLifting

Pick up women as you drop pounds at the gym this new year. Penthouse Pet—and self-proclaimed gym rat—Lux Kassidy exposes the secret to getting physical with that spandex-clad vixen you've been eyeing.

By Jonathan Ages

An Energy Drink that is ... Clearly Stimulating



The only clear
energy drink with

Xian Cao

(Known as the
"Herb of Immortality")

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THE PENTHOUSE TOP 40

Songs About Sex

Since the very name *rock 'n' roll* was a 1940s metaphor for doing the nasty, it's no surprise that there's never been a shortage of rock tunes about sex.

By Jim DeRogatis

In picking our favorites, we focused on tunes that have themes as exciting as their sound (so no "Why Don't We Do It in the Road" by the Beatles); are actually *about* sex; and have some degree of sensual subtlety and artistry. Hence the absence of Bad Company's "Feel Like Makin' Love," Color Me Badd's "I Wanna Sex You Up," Meat Loaf's "Paradise by the Dashboard Light," and Tool's "Hooker With a Penis"—though to each his own.

■ 1. MARVIN GAYE, "LET'S GET IT ON" (1973)

No other singer makes sex sound as spiritual, and this transcendent hit simultaneously works as a blatant come-on, a smooth seduction, and a soulful prayer.

■ 2. JAMES BROWN, "SEX MACHINE" (1970)

In contrast, there's nothing subtle about this, though any man who can match that rhythm is guaranteed to please.

■ 3. LITTLE RICHARD, "LONG TALL SALLY" (1956)

Regardless of Richard Penniman's particular proclivities, his soaring yowl captures the ecstatic joy Uncle John found in his adulterous trysts with Sally, who was built for speed, not comfort—unlike, we assume, Aunt Mary.

■ 4. THE ISLEY BROTHERS, "BETWEEN THE SHEETS" (1983)

More than 20 years into their career, the Isleys reclaimed the charts with a Gayelike invitation—"I'll always be your freak / Let's make sweet love between the sheets"—and a hot, slow jam that truly conjured a quiet storm.

■ 5. THE TROGGS, "COME NOW" (1970)

These British Invasion protopunks expressed raw lust better than anyone, but they thought about their lovers, too: That title (and the song's only lyric) is an eager provocation.

■ 6. DAFT PUNK, "HARDER, BETTER, FASTER, STRONGER" (2001)

The undeniable modern electronic offspring of "Sex Machine," with a groove as inspiring as the advice in the title and choruses.



Nina Simone



Terri Nunn



Sabina Sciubba

■ 7. THE BUZZCOCKS, "ORGASM ADDICT" (1977)

An urgent pop-punk masterpiece about an unapologetic satyromaniac—but, really, who among us isn't addicted?

■ 8. HOWLIN' WOLF, "BACK DOORMAN" (1961)

Songwriter Willie Dixon was referring to a guy who's screwing another fella's wife. The fact that it's now a double entendre for a lover of anal sex only makes it more delightfully decadent.

■ 9. NINE INCH NAILS, "CLOSER" (1994)

Who but Trent Reznor would mix the disparate lyrical styles of Gaye and the Troggs—"I want to fuck you like an animal.... You get me closer to God"—over the soundtrack for an S&M club on Mars?

■ 10. THE VELVET UNDERGROUND & NICO, "VENUS IN FURS" (1967)

And staying on the tip of that whip, we have, "Shiny, shiny, shiny boots of leather / Whiplash girlchild in the dark." 'Nuff said?

■ 11. BLUR, "GIRLS & BOYS" (1994)

Like Woody Allen, these Britpoppers believe that being bisexual doubles your odds of getting a date on Saturday night. Or they're just mocking those sexually confused, Ecstasy-dropping ravers.

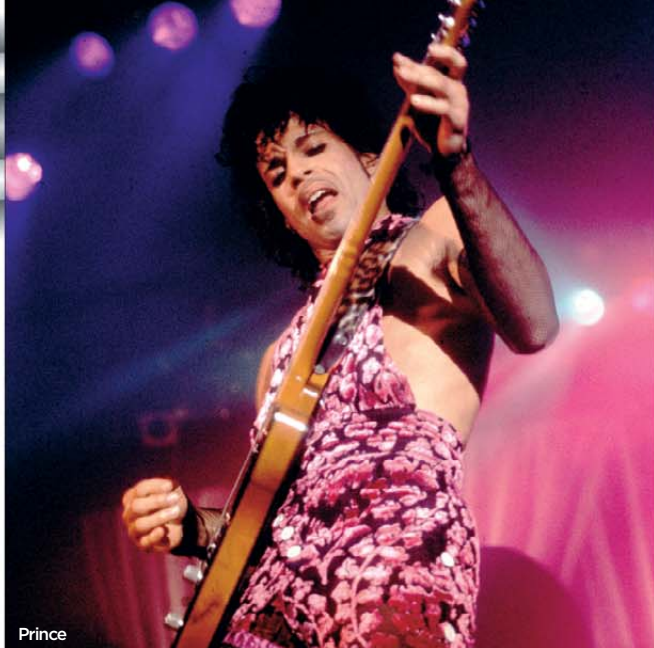
■ 12. BRAZILIAN GIRLS, "PUSSY" (2005)

She's actually German and Italian, but Sabina Sciubba is still our vision of the ideal girl from Ipanema—especially when she's chanting about pussy and marijuana.

■ 13. THE RASPBERRIES, "GO ALL THE WAY" (1972)

It may sound innocent now, but it's still goading her to put out.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (NINA SIMONE) HULTON ARCHIVE/GETTY IMAGES, (TERRI NUNN) JOHN SHEARER/WIREIMAGE, (SABINA SCIUBBA) GUSTAVO CABALLERO/GETTY IMAGES, (PRINCE) PAUL NATAKIN/WIREIMAGE



Prince

■ **14. MUDHONEY, “TOUCH ME I’M SICK” (1988)**

Whoever said grunge wasn’t sexy? “I won’t live long / And I’m full of rot / Gonna give you, girl / Everything I got!”

■ **15. SOFT CELL, “TAINTED LOVE” (1981)**

It acquired a cautionary reading with the onset of AIDS, but we prefer to think of tainted’s original meaning: wicked, dirty fun.

■ **16. SALT-N-PEPA, “PUSH IT” (1987)**

As sexy as rap has ever been.

■ **17. NINA SIMONE, “FEELING GOOD” (1965)**

Delivered in a way that urges you to make her feel *even better*.

■ **18. BARRY WHITE, “CAN’T GET ENOUGH OF YOUR LOVE, BABE” (1974)**

The Round Mound of Sound may have been an unlikely stud, but that just gives the rest of us hope—if only we could master that velvet voice and unique way with words.

■ **19. PEGGY LEE, “FEVER” (1958)**

Simply scorching.

■ **20. PULP, “THIS IS HARDCORE” (1998)**

Britpop goes Dirk Diggler: “You are hardcore / You make me hard.”

■ **21. MADONNA, “JUSTIFY MY LOVE” (1990)**

Generally speaking, we’ve never found Maddy all that sexy—except when she brought out the masks, whips, and handcuffs.

■ **22. LED ZEPPELIN, “YOU SHOOK ME” (1969)**

Yes, Muddy Waters got there first. But Zep added Jimmy Page’s orgasmic guitar and John Bonham’s throbbing bass drum.

■ **23. BERLIN, “SEX (I’M A ...)” (1982)**

A lot of eighties synth pop is an icy turnoff now, but Terri Nunn’s “I’m a goddess ... a virgin ... a bitch ... a geisha” still gets us hot.

■ **24. FLIGHT OF THE CONCHORDS, “BUSINESS TIME” (2008)**

Because a well-timed laugh makes a torrid night even steamier, and because these musical comedians from New Zealand cut an R&B jam that out-horndogs R. Kelly.

■ **25. AALIYAH, “ROCK THE BOAT” (2001)**

Speaking of that overrated lothario, his protégée got a *lot* sexier when she split from him and started telling us what *she* wanted.

■ **26. VANESSA DAOU, “THE LONG TUNNEL OF WANTING YOU” (1994)**

We could have chosen any track from this sizzling acid-jazz album, *Zipless*, an homage to author Erica Jong, whose “zipless fuck” in *Fear of Flying* inspired women to get into casual sex.

■ **27. RADIOHEAD, “EVERYTHING IN ITS RIGHT PLACE” (2000)**

Evidence that sex with a robot can be the ultimate kick.

■ **28. THE WHO, “SQUEEZE BOX” (1975)**

Mama’s got one, and Daddy doesn’t sleep at night—not that he’s complaining.

■ **29. MY BLOODY VALENTINE, “FEED ME WITH YOUR KISS” (1988)**

These psychedelic shoe-gazers’ songs weren’t *about* anything, but the dizzying head rush of sound made their meaning obvious.

■ **30. FATS DOMINO, “BLUEBERRY HILL” (1956)**

As sexy for that barrelhouse piano as for the lingering question of *where* exactly Antoine found that thrill.

■ **31. RICK JAMES, “SUPER FREAK” (1981)**

No matter how twisted you are, you always imagine meeting someone who’s an even bigger perv—and for James, that was really saying something.

■ **32. DONNA SUMMER, “I FEEL LOVE” (1977)**

After gasping out a love song to her vibrator (“Love to Love You Baby”), Summer went even further with the moans and shrieks, providing inspiration for countless house and techno sex jams.

■ **33. D’ANGELO, “FEEL LIKE MAKIN’ LOVE” (2000)**

The Roberta Flack original was hot. This rewrite is incendiary.

■ **34. PRINCE, “LITTLE RED CORVETTE” (1983)**

Only the Purple Wonder could write a pop hit about a clit ...

■ **35. THE B-52’S, “ROAM” (1989)**

... and only these New Wave art-popsters could pen one about analingus.

■ **36. MASSIVE ATTACK, “BLACK MILK” (1998)**

A sensual trip-hop invitation to dine at the Y.

■ **37. LIL WAYNE, “LOLLIPOP” (2008)**

Sure, the lollipop=fellatio metaphor is tired. But the Archies’ “Yummy Yummy Yummy” didn’t have a groove this enticing.

■ **38. THE DIVINYLS, “I TOUCH MYSELF” (1991)**

And, as we near the end of this list, we’d like to remind you that masturbation is sex, too ...

■ **39. THE VAPORS, “TURNING JAPANESE” (1980)**

... whether you’re a guy alone in a jail cell ...

■ **40. CYNDI LAUPER, “SHE BOP” (1984)**

... or a girl who just wants to have fun. ♪

Jim DeRogatis is the pop-music critic at the *Chicago Sun-Times*, the author of several books about rock ‘n’ roll, and the cohost of public radio’s nationally syndicated *Sound Opinions*.

in the lap of luxury

From her first appearance in these pages, in October 2005, we knew that five-foot-tall, 32D-23-33 Taya Parker could prove once and for all that good things come in small packages. She was an immediate reader favorite even before she had the unique distinction of being *Exotic Dancer's* Erotic Dancer of the Year and our January 2008 Pet of the Month. Now, we're happy to announce that the 29-year-old is our 2009 Pet of the Year ... and she's more than ready to get started: "Being Pet of the Year means the world to me! I'm a small-town girl who couldn't have dreamed this in a million years. *Penthouse* is one of the most prominent adult publications in the world, and being Pet of the Year is a defining moment in my life."

Photographs by Emma Nixon



SHOES PROVIDED BY PENTHOUSE SHOES BY ELLIE (PENTHOUSESHOESONLINE.COM)



"Becoming a Penthouse Pet was a goal and desire throughout my years in the adult-entertainment business. I am in awe of the beautiful women I'm in the company of and the legacy that *Penthouse* stands for. You've blessed me with a piece of immortality."









"My fans have been a constant source of support. When my centerfold came out, the outpouring from people saying they always knew I would make it was overwhelming. I mean, I have fans! I just can't get over that. Nothing I've accomplished means anything without them."



"My favorite fantasy is forever changing, but I'm by myself in, say, another country, looking mysterious and sexy as the other tourists rush by. A stranger passes me and, well, think of the rush and thrill of making love without saying a word."





"I'm always up for good conversation, a random display of kindness, a piggyback ride, truth or dare, running topless through the ocean at night, and surprising people. People underestimate you if you're good-looking. Nothing is more satisfying than blowing their minds."







"I tend to take the road less traveled, and that's almost always a risk! I recently went on a reality TV show to find love. If that's not a bold and risky move, I don't know what is!"

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA. GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM. SEE MORE OF TAYA AT PENTHOUSE.COM/PETOFTHEYEAR.

THE BARE ESSENTIALS

You're old enough to find your way to Penthouse, which means you're old enough for the cold, hard facts. There are certain things that every grown man just needs to know. Read on, and remember—a little learning never hurt no one.

By Gregg Stebben • Illustrations by Jon Proctor

■ HOW TO HAMMER A NAIL

At no other time in the history of man have so few men known so little about such a completely obvious thing as how to drive a nail into a board.

Step one: Drill it, dull it, drive it. If the nail is going to be driven anyplace where it's likely to split the wood, drill a small pilot hole first. If you're on the fence about the likelihood of splitting the wood, turn the nail upside down and tap it a few times on the point. A dull nail is less likely to split wood.

Step two: Set the nail. Hold it between your thumb and forefinger and give it a sure-thing tap. Don't girl-out on this: You want it to stand up all by itself.

Step three: Nail it. Hold the hammer at the end of the handle. Keep your wrist fairly stiff, and whack it. You use your whole forearm for this: A good hammer blow is very much like a good overhead slam in tennis. You want to pound right through the nail's head. Practice this for five minutes, and you should be able to set an eight-penny nail with one tap and drive it into a two-by-four with three good, solid, no-jive shots.

■ HOW TO IRON A SHIRT

Eight little steps to complete self-sufficiency:

- 1. Start with a clean shirt,** something flat that resembles an ironing board, and an iron.
- 2. Water it.** Get out a spray bottle or an old squirt gun and moisten the shirt.
- 3. Begin with the collar.** Iron only the back, and iron it flat. Let your tie handle the job of putting in the fold. If you do it, it'll look squirrely.

4. Iron the yoke. That's the part of the shirt that goes over your shoulders in the back.

5. Attack those sleeves. If you like a crease, flatten the material so that the crease on the shoulder matches the seam. The guys who work at expensive clothing stores will tell you that a good shirt will never have a crease on the sleeve; if you buy their advice, stuff a towel inside the sleeve before ironing.

6. Don't forget the placket. That's the part of the sleeve with the button and buttonhole. Technical term: the gauntlet.

7. Finish off the back of the shirt, then the front—the most important part.

8. Iron the placket down the front—get around those buttons good—then the cuffs.

■ HOW TO SHOP FOR BLUE JEANS

In retail, there's a confusing helix of jeans, with prices ranging into serious three-digits for what are supposed to be rough work trousers. But when it comes time to dress down, don't dumb down. Simply follow this rule: It's unnecessary for any pair of blue jeans to cost more than a pair of Levi's 501s.

It's not that other jeans might not look better on a chap than a pair of standard-issues; 501s look especially weird on some bodies. It's just that there's no reason for anybody to charge more for theirs than Levi Strauss does. You can't get better denim, and you can't get better manufacturing. To find the very latest going price on a good pair of jeans, price a pair of 501s and go from there.



■ HOW TO GIVE YOURSELF A PERFECT SHAVE

Your face is about as much skin as company policy permits you to show around the office, so it pays to take care of the mug you've got. How? By being careful how you use the mug you shave with.

Get it clean. Wash your face with warm water and mild soap.

Rinse with warm water; you want to keep those pores wide open and happy.

Set it up. The warm water will also keep your beard soft. Add a thick cream or a gel to lubricate your skin.

Cut it off. In your ruthless ambition to cut every follicle's son, you'll want to shave against the grain. You'll be wrong. To avoid irritating your skin, shave in the direction of hair growth.

Thanks. You needed that. Think of shaving as petty surgery; the recuperation is as important as the way you wield the blade. After you rinse the cream residue away, slap yourself around a little. Rubbing your skin dry is bad; patting your skin dry is good.

Use a weather sealant. Not a deck finish, exactly, but something that will moisturize your skin and give it a little sunscreen.

■ HOW TO BRUSH ON LATHER

You have to have a badger-fur shaving brush. If you don't have it, go out, find a badger, and negotiate. Once you run this luxurious fur across your face in the morning, you'll never go back to a shaving-cream can or gel.

The bulb of the brush fits into your hand like the joystick of an F-16. Stroke the bristles across your shaving soap, then paint the lather across your face with to-and-fro strokes, letting the soft, water-soaked bristles of the brush massage open your pores for a much, much better shave. You'll find badger-fur shaving brushes at a good department store, barbershop, or old-fashioned neighborhood pharmacy. Expect to pay at least 50 bucks.

■ HOW A BARBER GIVES A SHAVE

The widespread abandonment of America's barbershops by American men willing to pay \$200 to one-named foreigners for a haircut is one of the red flags of growing national idiocy, and a reliable measurement of how deeply eroded common sense has become.

While barbers no longer get much respect, you have to remember that not too long ago, barbers did brain surgery, thus working both sides of the cranium. So just maybe we owe it to ourselves to reacquaint ourselves with these *nogginistes*. Also, barbershops are one of the few citadels of unsullied manhood left in this country: You've got everything a man needs, except women. Plus, you've got a normal guy who will cut your hair pretty well. Maybe not great—but maybe your head of hair isn't all that great anyway.

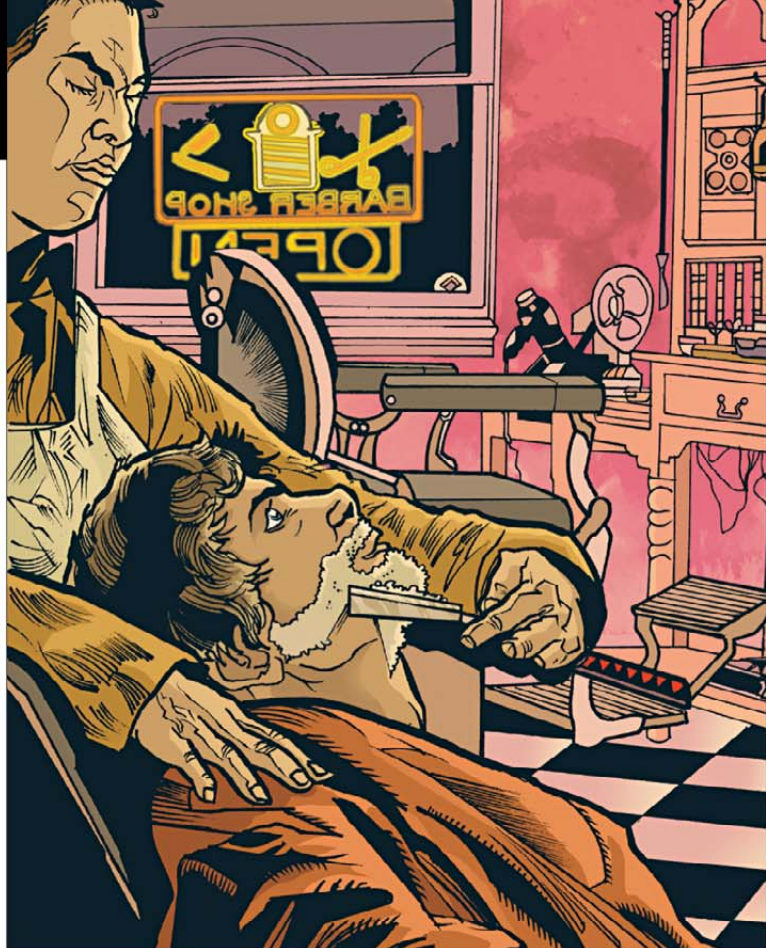
Here's what you'll get from a barber—along with a healthy dose of your self-respect back:

First, he'll cover your face with hot lather. If you want to try this at home, throw your shaving cream into a sink full of hot water.

Next, he covers your face—lather and all—with hot towels. This removes the oils.

Then he relathers your face to get your skin and hair follicles moist.

Then he starts to shave—using a straight razor if he's any kind of barber at all. On the first pass, he'll go with the grain. Then he'll come back sideways. Going against the grain is a good way to donate blood. Going with the grain spares your skin, but spares



THE WIDESPREAD ABANDONMENT OF BARBERSHOPS IS ONE OF THE RED FLAGS OF GROWING NATIONAL IDIOCY.

your hairs at the same time. Thus, the second pass.

After the shave, he applies menthol to your face and another hot towel.

To close your pores and prevent infection, he'll give you a couple of slaps of astringent lotion.

A dash of talcum finishes you off.

■ HOW TO READ LIGHTS ON YOUR CAR'S DASHBOARD

They blink, you blink, and it's not love. It's trouble. But the trouble with idiot lights on a dashboard is, they don't tell you what little they know. Not only are they idiot lights, they're outright dumb. If they could talk, though, here's what they'd say.

HOT

The message here is that the engine is, well, hot. Way too hot to drive, so pull over, shut it down, turn on the radio, and wait for exactly two innings.

Problem: The car's overheated because the engine isn't getting sufficient coolant. That's probably it. But it could also be overloaded; slow down, turn off the air conditioner, and see if that helps. No? Then it could be the thermostat.

TRANSPORTATION TOOL KIT

When you're on the road, your trunk should contain:

- A jack and a spare, of course.
- Jumper cables.
- A few wrenches, screwdrivers, and a pair of pliers.
- A quart of oil and a jug of windshield-cleaning solvent.
- Paper towels.
- Flashlight.
- Fire extinguisher.

Semidissent: Many experts say you're better off with an extinguisher *inside* the car.

What you do: When the motor cools down, open the radiator cap. If you do this before the engine's cool, you'll steam-blast the skin right off your face and spend the rest of your life looking like the front-page star of the *Weekly World News*. So the first thing to check is the temperature of the engine. Is it cool? Cool. Check the water level; if you can see metal inside the radiator instead of fluid, you're dry. Need some water? Add some—but not until you've first checked all the hoses and belts. Grab the fan and try to wiggle it front to back. If it seems slightly loose, you need a new water pump. Medium bucks. Maybe it's the thermostat. You'll find it right where the big hose from the radiator comes into the engine. Check it out. If everything looks jake but the car still overheats, don't drive it. Never drive a car without coolant in it. You may get a mile or so down the road, but the whole engine will seize up and you'll be out of pocket a grand or two.

ALT

This means the alternator's not charging the battery. You can putt along for a few miles, but you're running on ACDelco alone, so don't press it.

Problem: Belt's loose. That's if you're lucky. If you're not, the belt's broken, or the alternator's shot. If it's neither, the problem's in the electrical system. If you smell something weird in the engine compartment—say, burned wire insulation—take the keys out of the car so you don't accidentally put juice through the system, causing the damaged wire to spark, igniting the gas in the engine, spreading fire and mayhem through the car until the gas tank gets a flicker, then ... you get the picture.

What you do: Replace the belt; replace the alternator; replace the wire. If the problem is just a loose belt, you can tighten it by using a wrench and a pry bar, and a little common sense.

OIL

There's no oil. Don't drive.

Problem: Probably you. When was the last time you checked the oil?

What you do: Add some. Check the dipstick. If the level's still low, look under the car for the quart of oil you just poured in. Engines need oil to run. Don't try anything funny.

BRAKE

The emergency or parking brake is on.

Problem: The brake isn't releasing completely. Or maybe you're low on brake fluid.

What you do: Jiggle the brake handle. If that doesn't work, drive forward and backward a bit. Or, if you can spot it, check the emergency brake cable; on older cars—especially older Ford trucks—the thing freezes up for no good reason. If none of this has any effect, check the brake fluid in the reservoir under the hood.

■ HOW TO WASH YOUR CAR

This ought to be instinctive by now, yes? No. Our instincts are to do jobs such as this one as quickly and easily as possible. There's a better, if partially nonintuitive, way:

Hose it. Wash the car down with plain water first to remove dust and loose dirt.

Soap it. Choose a detergent with a low pH and cover the car thoroughly, starting, of course, at the top. If it's a hot day, and there's a chance the soap will dry on the surface, work in small areas.

Use only clean, soft cloths. Even the smallest amount of dirt or grit can scratch the paint, especially on late-model cars.

Scrub tough spots with baking soda or a soft, plastic, netlike dish scrubber.

Never wash your car in direct sunlight or it will streak.

Rinse the car starting at the top and working down.

Use commercial products to remove tree sap, heavy bird droppings, gasoline and oil, and road tar.

Dry it. Wipe your car with terry-cloth towels.

Clean your windows with undiluted vinegar. Rinse with water and dry with clean rags.

Clean the windshield wipers with a cloth and a solution of water and antifreeze, mixed half and half.

Scrub the tires. A touch of tire black helps. Clean black tires make a huge difference in the appearance of a car.



■ HOW TO ORGANIZE A FRIENDLY LITTLE POKER GAME

What we have here is your basic euphemistic oxymoron, since there is no such thing as a *friendly* poker game. There may exist a poker game played by friends. But poker is quiet war; it's tidy bloodlust; it's ripping the guts out of the guy next to you and tossing them back in his face with a pair of aces. Unless, of course, you let women play and use wild cards. In which case poker is a card game.

Regularly scheduled poker nights acquire traditions and eccentricities that somehow make them different from all other poker games. Partly, that's personnel; partly that's:

Location: It's best not to rotate the venue; holding the game more or less permanently in one place reinforces the notion that the game is a regular, unchanging thing.

Primarily poker: The venue should be dedicated to poker for the night. Mixing poker with your wife's Tupperware party somehow denigrates the intrinsic importance of the game.

Facilities and materials: Good lighting; enough chairs; a practically proportioned table; plenty of ashtrays; a mess of red, blue, and white chips; and four decks of cards—two red, two blue—are standard.

Refreshments: Either one person is always responsible, or the winner brings the food the following week. If you choose the first option, rake a buck from each pot until the tab is paid.

A limited supply of beer is okay, but avoid hard stuff. Poker is best played with a straight face.

Players: Seven is ideal; five or six will do. Never play a four-handed game. The best way to ensure a steady supply of players is to find five or six regulars, leaving one or two chairs open for guests. That way, if a regular becomes irregular, he can be demoted to guest, and a guest can be elevated to regular. Boot chronic no-shows.

Try to exercise some demographic sense: If your group includes three guys on student loans and three neurosurgeons, odds are you'll have a short and uninteresting game.

Stakes: The stakes should be high enough to mean something—ever try to bluff your way into an 80-cent pot?—but not so high that some guy's kids won't be able to eat. A quarter or a half-dollar seems to work pretty well for most people, especially if you limit raises to three.

House rules: Rules should be sensible and easy to remember, and they should be made clear to everyone before the very first hand of the very first game. Newcomers should always have house rules explained to them. Remember that the object of house rules is to ensure fair play in a congenial atmosphere.

Here's a decent list of house rules:

- Maximum three-dollar initial bet with a three-raise, three-dollar-per-raise maximum.
- No check-and-raise betting.
- Ties split the pot.
- No wild cards, and no games that require more cards than the table can supply (i.e., in a seven-man game, no eight-card games).
- A card laid is a card played.
- *Hoyle's Rules of Poker* is the judge.

Games: Stick with games everyone knows. Esoteric games with lots of blind flips, wild cards, extra buys, and passes are social games, and usually find favor only when the game is thoroughly coed. For a good, smooth game, stick to draw and stud games and their variants. Adding high-low splits can liven things up.

Duration: Set a quitting time and stick to it. If you have a midweek game that starts at seven, call for a last deal at, say, midnight.



POKER IS QUIET WAR,
UNLESS YOU LET
WOMEN PLAY AND
USE WILD CARDS. IN
WHICH CASE POKER
IS A CARD GAME.

Clean up: Either everybody pitches in, or the winners clean up and the losers are excused. Never ask your girlfriend or wife to do janitor duty, since there's a very good chance your first game will be your last.

If you're invited to someone else's game, learn the house rules, try to gain at least a superficial acquaintance with the other players, and stay until the end. Ask the person inviting you what the stakes are; if they're too high for you, don't go.

■ HOW TO INJECT PURE FEAR INTO A FRIENDLY LITTLE POKER GAME

This is a brutal, barbaric game without a name, but based on one much more civilized called *Bourée*, a word that, in French, means "your money or your wife."

- Ante a buck.
- Deal four cards facedown to everyone.
- Turn up one card from somewhere in the middle of the deck. That's your trump suit; aces are high. Bury that card and shuffle.
- One betting round. You're betting that you can take at least one trick of the four tricks that will be played.
- Then the first declaration: Play or fold? If you play, you can replace any number of cards for a dollar each. If you fold, you're not only out of the hand, but out of the game.

- Another betting round.
- Second declaration: Play or fold? If you play and manage to take just one little, lousy trick, all you have to do to stay in for the next round is ante another buck.
- If two players tie at two tricks each, they each ante a buck.
- If you take all the tricks, you take the pot.
- But—and, really, this is the unpleasant part—if you take no tricks, you match the pot.

This ugly exercise continues, round after round, until every player but one folds. At a table of seven players, I'm willing to bet your hands will shake so hard you won't be able to hold your cards during the last round. This monstrosity is the spinal tap and root canal of all poker games.

■ HOW TO MAKE THE WAITRESS'S WORLD A BETTER PLACE

Waitresses ask so little—just three small things, really: **Whatever you were going to say, don't.** She's already heard it a million times. In the course of a 40-hour week, a good-looking waitress hears every conceivable variation of "are you on the menu, sweetheart?" The sad fact: Waitresses generally only talk to men because if they didn't, they'd get the order wrong.

Don't confuse food with favors. In the feverish first blush of satiation, men sometimes confuse the message with the messenger and think that because the turkey's mighty friendly to an empty stomach, the turkey toter will give similar satisfaction. In reality, of course, waitresses don't care how hungry you are. Members of the clergy care. Social workers care. Waitresses serve.

Always overtip. Think about what a waitress goes through. Every embarrassment our gender can muster is displayed before a waitress at work, where the daily special's an all-you-can-take bad-manners buffet. She has to put up with you and cousin Larry, the guy who always asks a waitress what kind of pie she has. For her, life at work is like being a professional pedestrian working a construction site. Why is she wearing that tight, white, semitransparent dress? Because she wants us to admire her incredible body and applaud her good taste in lingerie? Yeah, sure, maybe. But maybe she wears that dress because the owner told her she has to.

All this—for minimum wage, no benefits.

Her side of this stupendous deal requires her to act in good faith toward all comers, to treat all men as though they were gentlemen, and to chuckle indulgently when they aren't. Plus, she's expected to be nice when some putz rounds *down* to a ten percent tip.

■ WHAT TO SAY IF YOU CAN'T QUITE GET IT UP

Don't whine. The rude response is to apologize abjectly and claim that you don't understand because it's never happened before—ever. This type of apology makes her responsible for what is clearly your problem, and the lie serves only to suggest that your partner is so hideous that she takes the fairy dust right out of your wand.

Take it like a man. The polite response is to express mild disappointment: "Gee, too bad." Then you can get on to other things, since flaccidity need not stand between you and your partner's pleasure.



From *The Man's Manual*, by Gregg Stebben.
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STUPID AND LIFE-THREATENING TRICKS WITH NAIL GUNS

Hey, here's some good news: You can do anything with a nail gun that you can do with a .22, including lots of truly terrifying and dangerous stunts. But, before you can play any of these games, you have to disassemble the safety on your gun. It's designed to ensure that you only nail into something solid, so it requires that you be pressing the nose of the gun down onto a rigid surface before you fire it. Every safety is different. Unload your gun and give it the once-over: What you've got to do is figure out how to hold down the safety as if the nose were pressed against a solid surface while you are swinging it around in the air looking for something to shoot.

Shoot the lackey

Every construction site has a lackey. Take turns

shooting at him as he goes about his chores. Make sure he isn't close enough that it would hurt if you actually hit him, and make sure you don't aim for the eyes. Deduct points if you shoot at him while he has run off to get you a beer.

Target shooting

Put up a wedding photo from your first marriage or a snapshot of the site foreman. Fire away. Bull's-eye wins. With a nail gun you've got, say, 30 feet. Therefore, you have to aim high because the nail will go straight for only a foot or two and then start dropping. In a way, that means you can have a lot more fun with a nail gun because you can fire it off over here and not worry about hitting some lady sitting in her living room a half mile away.

Indoor skeet shooting

One guy throws up a chunk of wood, the other guy draws and shoots. If you're a little slow on the upswing, play with a Styrofoam coffee cup; it will float to the ground much slower and therefore be much easier to draw a bead on.

Pest control

Mouse or rat. If you're working construction in the Bronx—cockroach hunting.

Catch

You hold the gun, your buddy tries to catch the nails in his baseball glove.

A small note: We really don't recommend any of these fascinating pastimes. In fact, it may be hard to believe, but the lackey shoot might even be illegal. It's an OSHA thing. ☹️

Inside Job

The venerable highlights show Inside the NFL has a new home at Showtime, where, as we found out on a recent visit, it's living up to its name, and its legacy.

By Peter Schrager

■ TAMPA 2

Warren Sapp bursts through a dressing-room door and barrels past a pack of people at breakneck speed, looking every bit like an All-Pro NFL defensive tackle. Only now he's not in pads and a helmet on the field at the Oakland Coliseum, but in a suit and tie at Showtime's *Inside the NFL* studios in Mount Laurel, New Jersey. And the pack is not San Diego Chargers linemen but assistants, producers, publicists, and a reporter. One aspect of the tableau, though, is the same as it was during Sapp's 13-year NFL career: His mouth is running as fast as his feet. "Don't blame the Tampa 2," he calls back over his shoulder. "They were in the right defense there. They just chose to cover Big Shirley."

Cris Collinsworth trails a few paces behind the big guy, shaking his head. A three-time Pro Bowler himself in the 1980s, Collinsworth has been one of the top football commentators on television for years now. He gently but firmly demurs on Sapp's breakdown of the end of the previous Sunday's Bears-Falcons game: "You can't be in a Tampa 2 defense in that situation, Warren. You're leaving too many holes open along the sidelines."

Sapp shakes his head defiantly, but still finds time to stop, smile, and sign a few autographs for two women who've approached him in the corridor. He charms them with a little small talk, then moves on, leaving the pair giggling delightedly behind him, and resumes his argument with Collinsworth. That's when former Super Bowl MVP and current broadcaster Phil Simms steps into view. "Forget the defense they were in," Simms interjects. "Why did Chicago do a squib kick? I hate the squib kick."

Welcome to the back channels of *Inside the NFL*, the longest-running cable TV series of any kind and arguably the best pro-football highlights show of all time. The backstage scene is not so different from what happens in front of the cameras, really. Coanalysts Sapp, Collinsworth, and Simms haven't even passed through hair and makeup yet, but are already embroiled in a heated discussion of Xs and Os. "Save it for the show, guys," says producer Pete Radovich. "Save it for the show."

Clockwise from top left:
Collinsworth,
Brown, Simms, Sapp



■ FUMBLE RECOVERY

They do save it for that day's taping, but it wouldn't matter either way—there's plenty more where that came from. Indeed, the palpable zeal these guys have for the game is a hallmark of *Inside the NFL* and—along with its long-form interview segments (there are no commercial breaks on the program) and its one-of-a-kind NFL Films highlights packages—has helped the show win multiple Emmys in its 31-year existence.

When *Inside the NFL* started in 1977, broadcasting on HBO from a humble basement studio in Philadelphia, it featured Al Meltzer and legendary Philadelphia Eagles linebacker Chuck Bednarik as hosts. Hall of Fame quarterback Len Dawson replaced Bednarik the following season and Merle Harmon stepped in for Meltzer. Other personnel changes followed—Nick Buoniconti, Dan Marino, and Jerry Glanville, among others, appeared for stints—and Collinsworth joined in 1990. Bob Costas became the host in 2002, and the program even flirted with comedy segments around this time, but the simple-yet-effective format of analysis, interviews, and highlights remained essentially the same throughout the three-decade run on HBO. Clearly the thinking was, *If it ain't broke...*

That's why HBO's sudden announcement, last winter, that it was dropping *Inside the NFL* came as such a shock. Costas didn't mince words, calling the decision "a boneheaded move." Showtime saw an opportunity and pounced, announcing a new home for the show in June 2008. Costas couldn't make the leap (he has another show on HBO), but Collinsworth did and was joined by Simms and veteran host James Brown. Sapp was added in August. The chemistry is different—livelier, in fact—but the format and high standards remain. Simms and Collinsworth are broadcast veterans, but neither one is even close to jaded about the game. Simms, for his part, is keenly aware that the job should never become routine. "I watch as much film now as I did when I was a player," he says, adding that announcers who don't prepare are easy to spot. "I hate clichés," he continues, "and I hate senseless jargon. Nothing bothers me more than hearing an announcer say, 'He threw that ball into triple coverage.' *Triple coverage?* What the heck's triple coverage? There is no such thing as triple coverage."

Collinsworth grins, shoots a sly glance at an observer, and says, "Take a deep breath, Phil."

■ DON'T FUCK WITH THE GAME

While Simms has two Super Bowl rings, and Collinsworth made three Pro Bowls in his NFL career, host James Brown is the undisputed leader of the *Inside the NFL* team. A three-time All-Ivy basketball player at Harvard, Brown broke into broadcasting in 1978, as an NBA announcer in Washington. In 1994, he won a plum gig as studio host of *Fox NFL Sunday*. He's since made the move to CBS, and currently hosts that network's NFL studio show each Sunday, in addition to his role at Showtime. His harder-than-it-looks job, on both programs, is to move the discussion from topic to topic and give each former player on the panel his chance to shine. "My goal is to esteem others above myself," he says. "I

Inside the NFL avoids the bells and whistles—and the annoying, forced banter—that so many other NFL shows go in for.

know that sounds hokey, but they're the talent—not me. My job is to just get in and get out. Let the talent shine."

That's a philosophy shared by NFL Films honcho Steve Sabol, who produces *Inside the NFL*'s highlights packages—the element, more than any other, that sets the show apart. Sabol says there's a reason *Inside the NFL* hasn't tweaked its format much in all these years, avoiding the bells and whistles—and the annoying, forced banter—that so many other NFL shows go in for. "We have a saying here," says Sabol. "'Don't fuck with the game.'"

■ NFL FILMS

Steve's father, Ed, had a similar principle in mind when, in 1962, while working as an overcoat salesman in Philadelphia, he made a \$3,000 bid to then-commissioner Pete Rozelle for the rights to film that year's NFL title game. Sabol Sr.'s project was such a success that he parlayed it into a position as the official documentarian of the league, founding NFL Films in 1964. The company came out of the gate with a fully formed style that set a gold standard for sports filmmaking. Shooting exclusively in film, never video, NFL Films uses ground-level slow-motion shots, sideline microphones to catch the chatter of coaches and players, and "tight on the spiral" isolation shots of the ball in flight. These qualities, along with heroic orchestral scores and—perhaps most important—the immortal, "voice of God" narration of first John Facenda and now Harry Kalas, created a cinematic style that makes the game both epic and intimate, often at the same time. It was landmark stuff, and remains just as inspiring today. Generations of fans have grown up on NFL Films.

Steve Sabol, who started as a cameraman in 1964 and assumed the reins of the company in 1987, stresses the importance of slowing down the action and capturing the players' facial expressions in each highlight. "The new thing on all of the shows is to fast-forward through a kick or interception return. Just zip right through the play until the player scores and is celebrating in the end zone. We call those Wile E. Coyote highlights. What's the rush? The interception return itself—that's the best part of the play. You won't see any of that rushing on *Inside the NFL*. The highlights are still the guts of the show."

■ HOT STOVE

They are—thankfully—but the peppery, insightful analysis from Simms, Sapp, and Collinsworth adds huge value as well. "We sometimes forget we're on TV," says Collinsworth. "You are battling to defend your opinion, your turf, in a way. The only thing missing is the pitcher of beer."

Radovich, the show's producer, looks more like a Wall Street rainmaker than a guy who works in television. Dressed in designer jeans, with a stylish haircut, he could pass for a young Gordon Gekko. With ten Emmys under his belt, Radovich steers the ship with aplomb. "Sometimes the hardest thing is just getting the guys out of the greenroom and onto the set. They're so busy busting each other's balls and giving each other shit that they get lost back there." But once he *does* get them on set, Radovich says, "The back and forth you see every week is authentic."



■ BIG SHIRLEY

Inside the studio now, with the cameras rolling and the lights beaming down, Simms, Collinworth, and Sapp seamlessly resume their preshow debate about the waning moments of the Chicago-Atlanta game the previous Sunday. Was Chicago wrong to be in the Tampa 2 defense? Sapp—who, it should be noted, played in Tampa when this zone-coverage scheme took hold—doesn't think so, and he gets the last word: "You let them throw it to Big Shirley on that play. Big Shirley can't hurt you."

Host Brown translates for viewers who don't speak Sapp: "Big Shirley means the running back coming out of the backfield, right?" Sapp nods, and Brown smoothly introduces the next topic, but the moment captures much of what Sapp, the broadcasting rookie, brings to the new *Inside the NFL*. In a sea of pregame shows populated by ex-quarterbacks and running backs who rarely delve into the nuances of defense, Sapp offers a welcome perspective; as a man who was in the league last season, he brings a true insider's view; and he's got personality—and energy—to burn.

That energy gets a workout, too. On Mondays and Tuesdays each week this past fall, Sapp performed for millions of Americans on the reality show *Dancing With the Stars*. On Tuesday nights, he would board a red-eye from L.A. to Philly, landing at 6 A.M. He was in a makeup chair in Mount Laurel, New Jersey, by 8:30, and ready to discuss football on the air by 10. He also did commentary on the NFL Network and was a pitchman for NFL.com's fantasy football game.

Exhausting, right?


Sapp waves his hand in dismissal: "I went up against 300-pound offensive linemen every Sunday for 13 years. This stuff? This is nothing."

And he backs it up, showing no signs of flagging throughout the day's taping. On the contrary, Sapp finds time to chat with fans and do a meet-and-greet with some contest winners. Heck, he even pulls a reporter aside to continue the day's Tampa 2 discussion: "You know why the defense calls the running back Big Shirley on that play, right?"

Shrug.

"Because we'll give you Big Shirley," he says, smiling at the notion of a running back catching a pass in the flat with only 11 seconds left on the clock. "Hell, you can *always* have Big Shirley."

As Sabol says, "Warren is the garlic to the salad. He's the olive in the martini. He brings the pungency."

And so, freshly garnished, an NFL institution rolls on. 

The 42-42 Club

NFL Films president Steve Sabol told us he's one of only nine living persons to have attended all 42 Super Bowls. Here are the other eight, along with a few of their memories:



Edwin Pope, writer, *Miami Herald*

Jerry Green, writer, *Detroit News*

On the spectacle the game has become: "I find it astonishing. Really. I never thought it would become the monster it has."

John Biever, photographer, *Sports Illustrated*

Tony Tomsic, photographer, *Cleveland Press*, *Sports Illustrated*

On Super Bowl III, Joe Namath's famous "guarantee" game: "I thought the Colts' defense would kill Namath, so much so that I positioned myself to get a great picture of Namath getting pounded by that defense."

Jerry Izenberg, writer, *Newark Star-Ledger*
On Super Bowl XXV: "Two days before the

game, Giants coach Bill Parcells felt his team was letting down a bit, and needed to be picked up. So he ordered Lawrence Taylor to start a fight during practice. Taylor punched Jumbo Elliott in the face, and all hell broke loose. It worked. Elliott played a *terrific* game in that Super Bowl."

Mickey Palmer, freelance photographer, San Francisco

Walter Iloos, photographer, *Sports Illustrated*

On photographing Super Bowl QB John Elway: "In the car at the end of the day, I felt like a teenage girl after meeting a rock star."

Dave Klein, writer, E-Giants newsletter, formerly of the *Newark Star-Ledger*

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PHW4

Suzanna Birch



PHW5

Tyler Faith



PHW6

Hanna Hilton



PHW7

Jaime Hammer



PHW8

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BREE OLSON
PHW9

SCREENSAVERS

Hanna Hilton



PHS1

Shay Laren



PHS2

Jamie Lynn



PHS3

Heather Vandeven



PHS4

Andie Valentino



PHS5

Kimberly Williams



PHS6

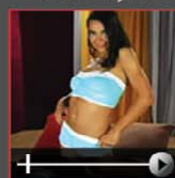
VIDEOS

Tyler Faith



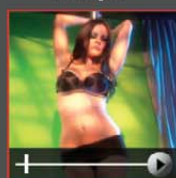
PHV1

Krista Ayne



PHV2

Mikayla



PHV3

Zdenka Podkapova



PHV4

Nicole Sheridan



PHV5

Gianna Lynn



PHV6

Suzene



PHV7

Montana Bay



PHV8

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HEY BABY

PHR2

BOW CHICA WOW WOW

PHR3

NAUGHTY SPANK

PHR4

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PENTHOUSE

MOBILE

Skating Through Basic

Soldiers on the battlefield are starting to get a look at new troops fresh from training and finding some of them incompetent and unfit. The Army calls them adaptive.

By Johnny Rico

Like many present and former soldiers, I hated basic training. It was a grueling crucible of sleep- and calorie-deprivation amid profanity-spewing drill sergeants hurling trash cans across barracks and flipping bunks when the folds of the blanket failed to salute in crisp military standard. But somewhere along the way, amid the marches in the early-morning freeze and the forests saturated with our sweat, we slowly developed a crude discipline and learned to respect those of a higher rank, even if it was only a respect born of fear.

Of course, immediately following graduation, completion of basic training becomes a point of pride. The importance of basic training is in its universality and tradition—tradition in that, as a prerequisite for joining the warrior ranks, a little suffering must be endured; universal in that *everyone* goes through it. And like parents comparing their own schooling to that of their children, it's a de facto inalienable right for older soldiers to bemoan the qualitative difference of the experience between themselves and the new soldiers assigned to their leadership: Basic training was *always* tougher in the past.

But today, many new soldiers being shipped downrange from basic training really are arriving at their units and on the battlefield with poor marksmanship, lacking knowledge of both weapons and basic battle drills, and unable to pass the minimum standards of the Army Physical Fitness Test.

"In basic, you learn how to be disciplined and how to function in the military," says Staff Sergeant Wade Smith, a former infantry soldier just back from combat. "We had new guys [arriving in Afghanistan] who wouldn't stand at parade rest for the First Sergeant. They all seem to think that it is just some game in basic and now it is all going to be really easy. We had a guy who had a 127 [physical-training test] score. [The minimum to pass is 180.]

Now I never met anyone who came out of basic with that low of a score. So not only do you have to teach them everything like you did before, but most of them have an attitude, can't do PT, and have no discipline."

And the reason for this deluge of dull, torpid doughboys into our battle rosters? Due to two enduring unpopular wars, enlistments are declining, and re-enlistments are in free fall. Add to that the stress of the standing order to add 65,000 soldiers within the next five years. In short, the U.S. Army is hemorrhaging personnel at an unsustainable rate.

The Army has had to remove the obstacles that once would have prevented enlistment. Low test scores, drug offenses, criminal records, old age—everything is in play. But munificent admissions policies are effective only if you can get new recruits to graduate basic training, and this means reducing basic training into a docile "gentleman's course" in which attendance is about all that's tested.

In the past, basic training washed out roughly 20 percent of recruits. The Army can no longer afford this extravagant attrition rate. In today's Army, just six percent of inductees are separated after basic.

A staff sergeant, a recruiter in Southern California who prefers not to use his name here, can attest to the difficulty in finding qualified personnel: "No one wants to fight and possibly die in Iraq." He speaks to 100 potential recruits a month, but considers himself lucky if he signs a single one.

"Let me give you some examples of how easy basic is now," the recruiter says. "I just left recruiting school, and those kids were allowed to buy whatever they wanted, and eat whatever they wanted. Also, when they get punished, ten push-ups—that's all they're allowed to do."

In a bid for retention at all costs, the Army, one of the nation's most resolute institutions, has cried surrender and transformed one of its most iconic traditions, the indoctrination process of the warrior, and molded it toward the self-congratulatory doctrine of the new generation. There's less running, fewer push-ups, and drill sergeants who, in place of screaming, offer positive affirmation and explain the reasoning behind orders.





Bill Murray and Warren Oates played basic training for laughs in the classic *Stripes*, but in today's military, lack of readiness is not so funny.

Sergeant Major Len Harris at the Public Affairs Office of Training Doctrine and Command, while admitting that training standards have been adjusted, refuses to recognize these changes as negative, and instead calls these new twenty-first-century soldiers "highly adaptive." He explains the change in training methodology this way: "Drill sergeants will always be intimidating. It's the nature of their position. And they won't hesitate to deliver a good butt-chewing, if that's what's required. However, there has been a shift over the past few years in how drill sergeants go about training young recruits, based on the learning behaviors of the current generation, and the recent nature of combat. Drill sergeants have gotten away from the because-I-said-so style of training. The current generation wants to know the why behind tasks. That's how they learn and retain information. The recent nature of combat has shown that soldiers need to be critical thinkers at the lowest levels."

If you think explaining the "why" to new recruits seems antithetical to the nature of warfare, you're not alone. Chelsea Beckham, a former instructor at the Army's intelligence-training school in Fort Huachuca, Arizona, calls this paradigm shift part of the "don't want to" Army—as in, *I don't want to, Sergeant*. "I learned that this new way of training the soldiers, this softer, gentler Army, didn't work for me at all," Beckham says. "When the soldiers started talking back to instructors and were questioning their authority, my head almost snapped off!"

Anecdotal evidence from the front lines seems to suggest that this Army of praise-hungry, highly adaptive critical thinkers is perhaps not necessarily up to the task of combat. "The new soldiers we get out of boot have lower levels of discipline, and are a lot less tough," says Sergeant Nathan Cox. "Sending a lower quality of soldier to units not only creates more work for the sergeants who are unlucky enough to be stuck with them, but it can also create a dangerous environment of incompetence that can be fatal on the battlefield."


Or, as Staff Sergeant Travis Jenkins, just back from Iraq, explains, "As soon as you get in their ass, they go complain to the chain of command."

"When soldiers started talking back to instructors and were questioning their authority, my head almost snapped off!"

As I mentioned, blame for this transformation cannot be placed wholly at the feet of the Army. As an institution, it has found itself in the unenviable position of dealing with two inviolable realities: a populace that, perhaps justifiably, finds service in an unpopular war an unappealing career prospect, and policy makers who require the Army to make weight regardless of circumstances.

Such policy decisions, though, have consequences far outside the temporal bump in numbers that a short-term infusion of personnel offers the Pentagon bean counters, and these consequences could have a long-term impact on an organization that has traditionally relied on institutional knowledge and the cultural capital of its veterans to train generations of new personnel. If the veterans, tired of perpetual deployment, are retiring and leaving service, how will this culture of new gentleman soldiers affect the quality and viability of our nation's Army in the years to come? As Staff Sergeant David Marnell, currently serving in Iraq, says, "My fear is that it is these new, unfit soldiers who are shaping the new Army."

However, not all is lost. While some veteran soldiers I interviewed felt the changes in basic training were both obvious and easily discernible, several also remarked on the desire of young soldiers to have a more genuine, traditional experience. As the staff sergeant recruiter in California told me, "I take it upon myself to smoke my guys—to give them a taste of old-school basic—after they get out of basic, but while on leave, before they show up to their units ... and they love it. They actually feel like they're in the military. This is what they thought they were signing up for. It's what they wanted all along."

I also got this follow-up e-mail from Staff Sergeant Marnell: "Make sure to put what I said about there being new soldiers who are doing wonderful things. I still have privates [here in Afghanistan] who didn't get the training they needed, but want to do well and are quickly learning on the job." 

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Digging
for

Dirt

Before Ol' Dirty Bastard or Richard Pryor or Dave Chappelle, porno rapper Blowfly—whose music was so offensive it was censored on court order—brazenly transformed bigotry into empowerment.

By Jaime Lowe

OL' DIRTY BASTARD was a force. He was a genius. He was a fool. He was happy, sad, high, sober, loving, and selfish—everything at once. He'd deliver a sermon about how the black man is God, how whites were born from blacks, and recite texts from the Nation of Islam, all while wearing gray sweats lowered to the pelvic bone and track pants over the sweats, cupping his thighs at an odd angle just below his ass. It took two pairs of pants sometimes to contain him.

And onstage it didn't matter what he wore; when ODB hopped on the mike, it was a show. He dominated the stage. He took the time to talk about whatever came to him. Sometimes it was cocaine stored in his shoe; other times he'd just address one person in the front row. To sum up ODB from his headlines, he was a tragic, comic mess. He was a cautionary tale and an adventure. He was the guy whom everyone talked about but no one really knew. He was the heart and soul of Wu-Tang Clan—a childlike presence who brought mischief and menace to grave matters.

He used rap to describe exactly where he was in each moment and exactly who he'd been in moments before and exactly what he wanted in moments after.

To say that ODB's work is lewd and obscene and particularly sexual is like identifying a puppy as cute. Other rappers such as Tupac spoke of women and sex behind a cloak of aggressive misogyny—ODB just celebrated the glory of sex. His name alone caused titters at the 1997 Grammy Awards. If you tallied all the obscenities in his lyrics, you'd find he uses the word *pussy* 22 times, *fuck* 256 times, *kill* 55 times, and *dick* 19 times. The only time he uses the word *asshole* is in the lyric, "Yo, I'm the cunt breath asshole eater / And if you let me physically eat it, it only get [burps]." *Asshole* is probably the least offensive thing about that lyric.

Not surprisingly, the decency watchdogs eventually took notice, and there was a brief moment after his first album when Ol' Dirty Bastard was targeted with his first and only anti-obscenity campaign. The conservative advocacy group



ODB in 1992. To say that
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Empower America, led by William Bennett, made a cute mix tape of all the artists they deemed unfit for distribution. Bennett was flanked by two Democratic senators—Joseph Lieberman (Connecticut) and Sam Nunn (Georgia)—and C. DeLores Tucker of the National Political Congress of Black Women when he announced his campaign. Dirt was one of 20 artists targeted for violence or sexual obscenity and shockingly, the lyric they picked to protest was allegedly violent, but not sexual. They were offended by a freestyle duet between RZA and ODB. It's one of my favorite tracks because of how sweet and simple and playful it sounds. The recording is raw and the piano sample looped is a repetition of simple minor jazz chords. The song is clearly the cousins fucking around in the studio trying to one-up each other and work on a natural give and take, the kind of chemistry and camaraderie that comes from being kids together. RZA starts a sentence: "I won't stare at a ho, less I know that I'm going to the mo—" and Dirty finishes it: "T-t-tel, 'cause I'm lousy, technique is drowsy / Stop tryin to foul me." You can practically hear the smiles they had on their faces when they recorded that track. And toward the end, Dirty raps, "Snatch a kid by the braids," and both cousins shout, "Cut his head off!" And that line is what Empower America chose to protest. The group targeted Time Warner, then the parent company of Loud Records, with varying degrees of success. Content-based protest groups, the kind that claim to protect Americans from American liberties and protest Mapplethorpe and Harry Potter alike, operate from a position of ignorance. That line is a throwaway line—punctuation at best. Through the course of the song Dirty references everything from "Over the Rainbow" to the New York Giants to acid rain. This was not a violent diatribe or even a gangsta rap. In this instance RZA and ODB are evoking kung fu movies and applying scenes of violence to their neighborhood. They are not instructing their listeners to find a child and behead him. It's simply a lyrical battle. After all, Wu-Tang is for the children.

Obviously, Joseph Lieberman doesn't realize this. From the fact that his decency group would target ODB for violence instead of profanity or sexual content, I would guess that Lieberman spent zero minutes actually listening to Wu-Tang (though I relish the thought that he might be dancing around his living room to "Protect Ya Neck"). ODB's fans loved him because he was indecent. He acted out a fantasy that our puritan society frowns upon. Or maybe politicians who promote a "decent" society are unaware of the First Amendment.

No—Wu-Tang, and particularly ODB, are products of American society and American values. They represent many who have no other outlet; they have triumphed in a classic rags-to-riches way. As absurd as ODB was, he spoke about issues that people could relate to. ODB's persona and Wu-Tang Clan's near-vigilante drive for success—it came from somewhere, it's reacting to something—are just as much a part of the American dream as the clownish morality of Joseph Lieberman and his attempts to shut them down.

Besides, sometimes indecency breeds excellent art. ODB found himself in soul music and owed a certain debt to the porno rapper Blowfly. He was the one soul man who spoke brazenly and loudly, the self-proclaimed original dirty rapper. In 1965, Blowfly, the alter ego of singer-songwriter Clarence Reid, recorded an off-the-cuff ditty called "Rap Dirty," which predated Sugarhill Gang's "Rapper's Delight" by 16 years. The only problem? It was as profane as the title promised and barely made it out of the studio after Blowfly laid it to wax. His music was so offensive that he became the first American artist to ever be censored when his album *Porno Freak* was removed from record stores in Alabama on a court order.

In the second verse of a rambling introduction on *Return to the 36 Chambers*, ODB pays homage to his musical mentor. And here,

ODB started aping a soul singer as best he could, crooning until he almost had you convinced: "The first time, ever you sucked my dick / I felt, the earth tremble, under my balls / First time ... Nah I'm just kidding witch'all / How y'all feelin' / listen to the album cuz it's BANGIN'." And that's how he chose to introduce himself on his first solo effort.

Fans assumed that ODB's STD soliloquy was the first of its kind. But in 1979 Blowfly released an album of astrology send-ups. The song that Dirt sang to his ex was from the "Taurus" track. And on the "Scorpio" track, Blowfly serenaded Scorpio bitches by saying, "The reason I know, so much about this ho, because she gave syphilis to this dick of mine." If ever there was an influence on ODB's style, it would be Blowfly. A vessel for untamed sexuality, Blowfly was born from the bowels of Clarence Reid's nasty imagination. Yet ironically, Reid is a grandfatherly figure offstage, prone to reciting long-winded passages from the Bible (not that dual obsessions with God and sex are unusual in the music world, just consider Prince and Madonna). Now, at 68, he continues to perform. Half curio, half history, he's paraded out to small rock venues and music festivals such as South by Southwest.

Of ODB's predecessors, Rick James, sadly, is dead; James Brown, sadly, is also dead. But Blowfly is breathing, still recording, still getting onstage, and still pornographic as hell.

I met him at the Miami Jai-Alai a month before his Australian tour. Reid is to the Jai-Alai what Norm was to his bar stool—committed. Reid shows up every day, noonish, gets a cup of sugar with a spoonful of coffee, and fills out a betting sheet, wagering modestly but mostly harassing the employees with grins and goading. I arrived first in the cafeteria where we were meeting and got coffee. I had no idea what Jai-Alai was. It looked like a cross between racquetball and lacrosse, and seemed to be played with equipment designed by Edward Scissorhands.

A player would torpedo a Ping Pong-size solid ball against the wall at 120 miles per hour and an opposing player would catch the ball on the bounce and score a point. I think. The indoor court was at least as long as a football field and had a capacity of 300. There were eight people in the stands at noon on a Friday.

I was content with my coffee in the cafeteria, watching the warm-ups on the small screen broadcasting the action that was through two doors and maybe 40 feet away. You could hear the referees' whistles sounding twice, in real time, and on the TV delay. All of a sudden the two other people in the cafeteria, previously studying the day's betting sheets, rose. I saw a digital American flag waving in a liberated digital sun on the television. The elderly man to my left put his authentically worn trucker hat over his heart. I usually stay in my seat, but here, at the Miami Jai-Alai, I rose, feeling a pang of patriotism. And besides, the rough old man in the trucker hat looked like he could take me if he wanted. An electronic instrumental version of the national anthem that sounded like one of those musical greeting cards (angrily high-pitched) played. A few minutes later, Blowfly arrived, smiling his half-toothy smile to everyone in the room, greeting them by name and with a tender handshake. His middle fingernail was thick and a little creepy. His manager, Tom, told me that during a show once, a girl leaped from the audience and bit one of Blowfly's fingernails off completely. "He was really freaked out by that."

A random friend of Blowfly's walked by without saying anything and dropped off a newspaper and a bag of chips, just like that. A minute later, taking a second lap around the room, the

Blowfly performing in 1960.
"Now get it straight, I'm the
world's baddest nigger."



same friend dropped off a bag of M&M's. Blowfly thanked him and then said, "Wait, wait, take these back, I don't eat chocolate." Why not? "It's brown and it looks like shit. I don't eat that." He said it with a smile and his elderly friend hustled back to retrieve the candy. "See, what's your sign?" Scorpio, I said. He leaned into the tape recorder and half-sang, half-rapped, "They come in, they like to be beaten, they don't like to be fucked but they like to be eaten, Scorpio," then broke into a well-practiced and hysterical Dracula laugh. Then Blowfly pointed to the woman at the counter and whispered, "See that lady there, all I know was Saddam Hussein, bin Laden was angels compared to her."

Blowfly, beyond his character, is a rap legend, sampled by Wu-Tang, NWA, and Snoop Dogg, and most famously by Ol' Dirty, who practically sampled his persona. "ODB was a good guy. I got a check in the mail for seven grand and I didn't have no idea where in the hell it was from. But my song was on *Return to the 36 Chambers*. Ice Cube is good—I got money from him. Snoop Dog, well they do shit slick and you don't never get no money from him."

Not enough people know that beneath his porno raps and caped persona, Blowfly orchestrates some outsize funk bass lines and beats that have been cherry-picked through the years. I looked at Blowfly and tried to match his gaze. Samples of his songs that appeared in Beyoncé and DMX tracks earned \$75,000 in royalties in the last quarter of 2006 alone, but Blowfly saw next to nothing in payment because he'd sold the publishing rights in a deal to pay off tax debts. He likes making fun of things; that's what his songs do. It's how he survives, by making light of shitty situations. "All those guys from NWA used my shit and they never sent any money. I'd pull out my old records back from when we had men first walking on the moon and I'd say, 'See this shit, niggers, this is rap.' I used to call NWA 'Niggers Without Asses' 'cause all of them was skinny." Blowfly peppered our conversation with names of artists and producers from the sixties, dropping Gwen McCrae, Sam & Dave, Elvis, and James Brown. He'd name-check, then look at me and say, "You remember them, don't you?" and I'd shake my head.

The way Reid tells it, Blowfly emerged when he was just a babe in diapers, the first of 11 children born in Cochran, Georgia, the only incorporated city in what was mainly timber country; some local farmers grew cotton, soy, and winter wheat. The town's population was 3,500—half white, half black. By his account (which is clearly questionable), Baby Reid, unsatisfied with his Cochran setting, started chanting, "Fuck you, fuck you," at four months old from his high chair. When his grandmother Lucinda Bryant got wind of the infant obscenities, she supposedly said, "Boy, you're disgusting, you're nothing better than a blowfly." When Reid tells the story, he adopts a high, Southern, squeaky voice, something like a polite demon on helium.

The name stuck. Reid traded nasty songs for laughs with a diligent irreverence, but he also realized he could entertain and make more than he was making as a teen harnessing donkeys (a task he describes as punching mules at 5 A.M., because in Georgia the donkeys are stubborn and you had to slap them around to get them to concede to a bridle). "If your brother dated four girls at once, he was Casanova, but if girls did that they was whores, and I could never understand that." The way Reid tells it, you'd think his songs about fucking fat chicks and spooze were feminist anthems. "So I made up a song, 'Girls, You Can't Do What the Boys Do,' and this white girl named Missy heard it and said it was real good and told her father. Now, he thought I was banging his daughter. I didn't even know what banging was, but he said to sing the song anyway and he was on the floor laughing. He sent me to Miami to record more. I was supposed to look up Henry Stone and I worked out a deal at the Criterion where I'd clean and record for a week, work two months and then get free sessions. Dizzy Jones wanted my material, he wanted

A vessel for untamed sexuality, Blowfly was born from the bowels of Clarence Reid's nasty imagination (below, Reid in 1970).



"NEVER EATEN NO SEAFOOD BECAUSE IT SMELLS LIKE UNDOUCHED PUSSY."

me to write for him, so he let me use his band and we recorded something."

Reid separated his straight songwriting from Blowfly. He penned hit songs for Betty Wright, Gwen McCrae (he wrote the top-selling single "Rockin' Chair"), fronted the R&B group the Delmiras, and started touring with Big Maybelle, James Brown, and Sam & Dave. In casual conversations Reid can't help but slip into stories of his long life, one that existed outside the Jai-Alai bleachers. "Even when I was touring with James Brown, I used to change the lyrics. I said, 'James, that's not the right lyric, "You want to fuck a boy, doo doo doo doo," that ain't right, you want to fuck a sister?' "She ain't got nothing tight, da da da, you want to suck me off but you can't change, you and Liberace had it all arranged." "James and I, we were from the South, we knew how to fight, but Jackie Wilson, he kept his hands soft for the women. So when we got into it about money, Jackie hit James *dat-dat-dat* and James just knocked like *duh*. 'We from Georgia,' he said. 'I used to fight bears in the woods in Georgia. They called me Bear Rug after that.'"

It's impossible to follow exactly what happens in Reid's stories. There's a sense of the fantastic, of history, and of resigned distance, but mostly he entertains with the absurd and the distinct possibility that ten percent of what he's saying is true. "James Brown performed with Mick Jagger on *The Ed Sullivan Show*. It was the first time he wasn't the star of the show and he wasn't gonna do it. And he went out and did that old-school *please please please* that made the white girls pull they panties off. And Mick Jagger wouldn't go onstage afterward."

Hip-hop doesn't exactly make room for old-timers and it's unfortunate, because Blowfly deserves the Dirty South, the Neptunes, and anyone rhyming to sit at his feet and listen. His stories are bizarre combinations of biblical references, fisting Diana Ross, and adolescent body-fluid jokes, but between the lines is an unearthing of hip-hop's origins. "I could never do anything to make Diana Ross laugh. She'd tell me, 'Don't fuck with me.' The real meaning of the lyrics from 'You Keep Me Hangin' On,' oh, that was about Berry Gordy's sex life. *Do do do do*, my pussy free, why don't you Berry, get fists out of me, why don't you Berry? You don't want to make me come, you just keep my pussy hanging on? She used to fuck him 50 times and only come once." Blowfly is a delightful lunatic, but he's also out to say more than his schoolyard porno poems at first imply. When he initially started recording raps, mimicking the deejays of Georgia radio who spoke in between

and right through the songs, he was not taken seriously. Part of his strategy was and is to desensitize the world from sexual stigmas by being as deviant, as repulsive, as silly as he can be. The sex is served with a wide smile. He breaks down every boundary, including his self-appointed nicknames. In one fell swoop, he said, "Everybody hated to be called nigger. I wouldn't respond unless you called me nigger. My grandma called me an insect that laid eggs on dead things and shit. Well, if it wasn't for blowflies, when the dinosaurs died, and comets took over the earth, the earth would have become nothing but germs, but blowflies came along and laid eggs on those dead dinosaurs and shit and those maggots ate up the diseases. So I started calling myself Blowfly. But that's not the only name I go by. Some girl was trying to get my attention and said, 'Boy, what is your problem?'

"And the sheriff said, 'Call him his favorite name: nigger.'

"She said, 'I don't like that word.'

"And he said, 'He loves it.'

"And she said, 'Nigger.'

"And I said, 'Now get it straight, I'm the world's baddest nigger.'"

Before Richard Pryor or ODB or Dave Chappelle, Blowfly flipped linguistics and turned a bigoted word into one of empowerment. He barely realizes it's controversial and continues. "I'm skinny, never eaten no rabbit, no chilis, and no seafood because it smells like undouched pussy." The way that he slips words into casual conversation that would never make it past the *New York Times* copy desk, it's as if he doesn't recognize the impact anymore. Arguments have been made that if you use a word enough the meaning is lost, the stigma removed. When I asked Reid how he felt about the title *Nigga Please*, he said, "It could have been better."

Reid's made it this far, this long out of tenacity, but also because he never did drugs and prides himself on staying alone while touring. "I was on the road with Fishbone. They were good but they used too much drugs, pipe and drugs. I didn't do that shit and I had to get a room by myself because of all the women. I don't fuck on the road. They had bitches inside and out of their room, girls that smell like juice from a polecat. You know, a skunk or weasel." After a creative and profanity-laced discussion about the Bible and that motherfucker Moses, Reid told me about the times he would call ODB and leave prank messages on his voice mail. "I'd say, 'I know that girl you fucked in the bathroom wasn't a girl, it was a man.' I'd just be fucking with him. He did a lot for his family. I'd call him and leave him messages on his phone. He was a good guy, though."

Blowfly did one thing ODB couldn't—he survived, but not necessarily without consequence. He lives in a simplistic universe of cartoons, his Jai-Alai time, and his stage time. He eats piles of sugar and bananas and vanilla wafers and would rather go hungry than sit at a table with a plate full of fish. It's as if his childlike obsession with naughtiness is simply a by-product of living life as a baby man. As an artist he's catered to and taken care of; he's allowed to live inside his own peculiar universe. His sanity is such that he can survive. He's figured out a way to live by pouring himself into his spangled jogging suits and sputtering dirty words. ODB may have been a crazed free spirit, trolling his own crooked path, but he was engaged in life. For Blowfly to survive, he had to turn himself into a cartoon, while ODB was all too real, and real enough to die. ☞

Excerpted from *Digging for Dirt: The Life and Death of ODB*, published by Faber and Faber, Inc., an affiliate of Farrar, Straus and Giroux, LLC. Copyright © 2008 by Jaime Lowe. All rights reserved.

“I Fuckin’ Shot That!”

You don't have to look like a porn star to enjoy making your own X-rated film.

By Em & Lo

Creating titillating pictures and videos with the woman in your life is actually more about the process than the end result: Engaging in your own sexual shoot, whether as the star or the director or both, automatically makes things more dramatic and theatrical, even if you end up keeping most of your clothes on or refuse to make any clichéd “orgasm faces.” You could erase all incriminating evidence immediately afterward and still have the pleasant memory of an amazing show-and-tell session. Plus, that way, there’s no chance that a family member will ever stumble upon your “art,” that an insensitive partner will show it to friends, or that a bitter ex will post it on the Internet as payback for a broken heart.

■ VERY CANDID CAMERA TIPS

- Whether you’re shooting photographs or video, start off slowly, leave some clothes on, tease—there’s no need to get totally naked and go for the full-on spread eagle or “money” shots. Sometimes showing less is more.
- In fact, if you have any body parts you’re self-conscious about, then by all means use an item of clothing, a blanket, a pillow, dramatic chiaroscuro lighting, or your partner to hide them.
- A tripod is your friend. Use it to photograph or film yourself when you’re alone so you can practice poses and moves. When you create something you like, make it a surprise present for your partner (assuming you trust your lover implicitly): Hide it in her suitcase before a business trip or e-mail it as a promise of things to come. When you’re together, use a tripod so you can both be in the shot.
- That said, it’s also fun to pass the camera back and forth, so you can experience both sides of the exhibitionism/voyeurism coin. Plus, you’ll probably capture a better sense of action and movement than you might with a static, tripod-mounted camera.
- If you’re behind the camera, don’t shoot your subject from below, or from any unflattering angles for that matter. Consider your subject and try to make her look as good as possible—and





It's fun to pass the camera back and forth, so you can experience both sides of the exhibitionism/voyeurism coin.



not just what you think looks good, but what you think *she'll* think looks good.

- If you're in front of the camera, don't slouch (it creates rolls), do flex your muscles (it masks flab), and do work your good side (you know you have one).
- Ladies: Arching your back, pointing your toes, and lifting your arms over your head are all feminine slimming tricks.
- Avoid harsh, overhead, or fluorescent lighting—it tends to highlight imperfections. Experiment with daylight from a window, low-wattage lightbulbs in lamps, and candlelight.
- Review the pictures or the film together. Delete anything that makes you feel uncomfortable, whether it's for reasons of vanity or caution. But don't be too hard on yourself or too overprotective—in 20 years you'll wish you had that body back again and might appreciate that it was captured for posterity.


■ PHOTOGRAPHY

- For still photography, don't use film that needs to be developed by a professional. Go with digital cameras and Polaroids.
- In fact, we highly recommend Polaroids for their retro factor, their built-in suspense mechanism, and the fact that they're not great with detail, which is good news for imperfections and modesty.
- Avoid using a harsh flash that lights up the whole room. Go with ambient light. You'll have to hold the camera very still to keep the picture from turning out blurry, but the improved aesthetics of the picture will be well worth it.
- Speaking of blurriness, sometimes that's not a bad thing. For example, you could both hold still, save for her pumping hand around your unit, then take the pic. Chances are that the focal area will come out blurry and end up looking a little more arty (i.e., less porny). Blurriness can also nicely capture the motion and drama of, say, intercourse.
- If you're standing for the camera, pose at an angle (rather than straight on), have good posture (it makes you look thinner), and

do something with your arms (other than keeping them at your sides).

- Taking a picture of your partner when you're on top and they're on the bottom usually looks better than when you're in the reverse position.
- Don't feel like you have to strike a pose for every shot. Just like when you're on vacation, the best pictures are the action shots (when you're in the middle of doing something, moving, or laughing) rather than those boring, stiff, head-on shots in front of landmarks.

■ ID VID

- When filming video, you don't have to include your full bodies in the shot. You don't even have to show anything that dirty. Try a cool angle, like from the head of the bed (but remember, never from below, lest you look like beached whales) or a close-up that has the head and shoulders cropped: The focus can be on your expressions, your sounds, and the intimacy of the moment. Or shoot everything but your faces.
- Turn on the night-vision feature—it obscures any imperfections and creates a funky, sci-fi look. Plus, you can shoot entirely in the dark, which is a tequila-free method of loosening inhibitions.
- If your squeaky mattress gives the video a slapstick feel, then cut the sound and replace it with your favorite in-the-mood song. (A million Hollywood directors can't be wrong.) 



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petofthemoth



anyway you want me

It may not be Elvis's biggest hit, but we'd love to hear those words coming from the luscious Teagan Presley. This former California beach bunny is putting the *hot* in Hotlanta.

Photographs by Emma Nixon





 pet of the month



"The best thing about being attractive is that guys in service departments are always very helpful. It may sound superficial, but I have no problem taking advantage of that."









pet of the month



"If I ever get caught
masturbating, I hope it's by the
pizza delivery guy. I'll bet my
pizza would never be late again!"



"If I could live anywhere,
I'd go to Bora Bora. I went there
and fell in love with the islands.
Of course, I also indulged in
some incredible sex on the beach."



Teagan Presley
Pet of the Month
January 2009

Vital stats:

32D-24-34

23 years old; 5'4"

Favorite drink:

Strawberry lemonade.

Favorite movies:

The Dark Knight, Iron Man.

Favorite sports:

I don't have a favorite. In fact, the only time I watch sports is with a guy.

Favorite workout:

Swimming.

You're always up for:

Traveling to new places.

You're never up for:

Trying new foods.

The most daring thing you've ever done:

Bungee jumped topless in 50-degree weather.

Where are you most likely to be on a Tuesday night:

At my favorite strip club in Atlanta.
I go there every day!

Teagan Presley

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04 TEAGAN PRESLEY
JANUARY 2009 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



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04  TEAGAN PRESLEY
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What could be more American than working on a large pot farm? I'm going to be like a little stoned kid running through a candy shop—with a big case of the munchies.

By Harmon Leon

Into the Land of Green



The Emerald Triangle in northern California is comprised of three counties—Mendocino, Humboldt, and Sonoma—encompassing the region that grows the best bud on the planet. Ironically, it's also the home to the Emerald Cup Cannabis Awards. (Okay, not ironic at all.)

Off the main highway, I veer onto a gravel road leading into the thick woods, swerving deeper into the foliage. Scattered in the woods—hidden far from civilization—several tents dot the landscape and faint human activity is obstructed by massive trees. I've reached my marijuana Shangri-la.

Parking behind an RV with a dolphin painted on the back window, I wonder if this will be the last time I see my vehicle before the DEA sweeps in as part of a big raid.

Journeying down a dirt path, past an old trailer with a blue tarp, where trash and empty beer bottles spill out of garbage







bags, numerous peacocks roam the grounds, almost acting as watchdogs. I navigate toward a newly built wood-frame structure. A group of workers, perched on the porch next to an obligatory hippie drum, seems to be product testing.

"Tell Sheryl she's a little thief," snaps a skinny guy named Wayne, whose eyes bug out of his emaciated face. His shirt is pulled over his head to block the sun. (All names, needless to say, have been changed.) "She said she trimmed 21 pounds and her bags were empty!"

I'm on my own, in the woods ... with reefer addicts! Is this the beginning to the sequel of *The Wicker Man*? Will I soon be sacrificed to some pagan god while Wayne dances around naked wearing an animal head?

"Anyone up for hacky sack?" I ask, to show some bonding.

"The weed is drying today, so there's not much trimming going on," Wayne says, as we enter the makeshift structure.

Young transient hippie workers are in the midst of various forms of weed production. A bearded, shaggy-haired guy, who looks like the Dude from *The Big Lebowski*, paces the room, wearing a bathrobe, shorts, and sandals with socks. He's smoking from a pipe made out of a Gatorade bottle.

"For two weeks up here we had no weed to smoke," Wayne laughs. "That's the irony. People would say, 'But look at all these plants and all this weed.' Yeah, but they're not ready to harvest!"

All I see is a shitload of weed in the sparsely furnished room. Buds and stems litter the wooden floor. Full brown paper grocery bags labeled Strawberry Cough. Large coolers filled to capacity with fresh-cut marijuana—stacked everywhere, emitting that pungent, sweet weed smell.

Rachel, a smiling matronly shaped woman, acting as the den mother of marijuana, picks up some cut green.

"There's monetary value in the leafy stuff. There's small buds and you can make bubble hash," she explains.

True. Trimmers are paid by weight; most average about a pound a day, and net \$200. Mendo Blendo is the umbrella name for all the weed strains that grow here. Trainwreck is the most popular. Strawberry Cough is really trendy this year.

"We pay for everything—trimmers, equipment, lights. We pay for the lifestyle!" Wayne clarifies. "It's the freedom to live off the grid. This is what I got to work toward!"

Regardless, Wayne owns a house and is looking to buy some winter property in Mexico. "I have some 'business' there," he

confirms with a smirk.

The marijuana smoke momentarily clears. It's *Him*! A gray-haired old hippie dude with an ultra-relaxed demeanor and obligatory sandals/socks combo reclines in a chair, room center, tallying figures in a notebook. There sits the legendary Papa Smurf. (Is that his given name?) As the man who runs the farm, he's in the midst of holding stoner court. Papa Smurf spouts, "The cops are just soldiers of the state. Think about it!"

I think about it. Then, kissing up to Papa Smurf, I interject, "Bush and Hitler—same shit, different asshole! [Pause] Think about it!"

An old-school handshake is instigated to "the new guy." In turn, I pull Papa Smurf in for a big drawn-out hug ("Come here, you!")—complete with back patting.

"This is a Kona Cross," Papa Smurf says like a proud parent, holding up a large, dried bud from an enormous bag. "I've been cultivating this strain for 23 years!" As if it were a fine wine, he points out the characteristics. "See how it's woven with dashes of purple, emitting a strong, sweet smell."

"It smells like sticking it to the Man!" I exclaim to show my loathing of authority. (Cool-guy handshaking follows.)

Due to our shared animosity for the Man (Fuck the Man!), Papa Smurf has me follow on his morning inspection. First, the greenhouse. My eyes widen. Inside are 28 to 30 marijuana plants. Some are around 11 feet high, weighing roughly 200 pounds. A pound of Mendocino weed goes for \$2,500 to \$3,700.

"There's a culture war between remaining loggers and values," Papa Smurf says, eyeing his abundant vegetation. Since the logging industry is dying, local loggers are raising a few pot plants to make extra money. Johnny Law could crack down on pot production in Mendocino, but it would ruin the local economy. The government also looks the other way in order to keep the wealth level booming in northern California.

"It's not a truce, but there is openness and coexistence," Papa Smurf continues. "Because it's productive; it creates jobs and hard workers. This area focuses more on the law and integration than confrontation."

It hasn't always been a smooth hemp-hued road during his 25 years as a grower. About ten years ago, Papa Smurf was busted for having about 1,000 pot plants. For possession of this copious amount of cannabis, he spent one night in jail and was sentenced to 60 days of community service. (You get more jail time in New York City for smoking one joint.)

"In Humboldt, the culture war is more obvious," relays Papa Smurf. DEA busts are more frequent; in turn, growers are scarier and often come heavily armed. Growing weed is a multibillion-dollar cash-crop business that works primarily under the radar. It brings in more money than milk farming (you know, as in, *milk*)—so don't fuck with them!

Pointing to his house, looking like the whole operation could be moved in a second's notice, Papa Smurf shares, "I lived in a tepee, I lived in a tent, and now I live in this cardboard box."

"Who is the Man to tell us where to live!" I add with passion.

Inside, additional garbage lies in heaps. It's like for two decades someone had a really big stoner roommate (which is the case). Papa Smurf stops in his tracks, forgetting why we came to his house in the first place. "Let's try the circuit one more time," he says, trying to jog his memory. We double-back.

■ LET'S WORK!

Wayne is slumped on the couch, looking like he was just hit by a truck. "I was projectile vomiting last night," he says. "I did some coke. I think I got sick because I used to do a lot of crack."

I nod my head.

As much food production is going on (sandwiches, etc.) as weed trimming, punctuated by the sound of chewing. Frequently thrown out is the question, "Does anyone have a lighter?" followed by the sound of lighters clicking and coughing spasms. Some then do a lumbering zombie walk outside to loudly spit.

I sit next to Brian, who meticulously trims in silence, like a Soviet-bloc factory worker doing the job for the Motherland.

Snippity-snip-snip.

Hippie music plays (surprisingly, mostly songs about weed). My clothes and hair stink of herb. Bob Marley *has* to come into the music mix at some point—and he does!

I pull out huge baby-arm-size buds of Trainwreck from a grocery bag. Stems and bud dregs are stuck to my clothes, behind my ears, in my hair; enough to make a drug-sniffing dog froth at the mouth and vigorously hump my leg.

"Does this ever get monotonous?" I throw out to the group.

"Not when I get paid," replies a Russian girl clad in a stocking cap, unafraid to mask her true body odor. "Sometimes it helps if you get really good and blazed first," she recommends.

Snippity-snip-snip.

"What's the policy on smoking while working?" I ask (not for self-indulgence, but for the pursuit of journalistic excellence).

"You can smoke the little pieces."

Journalistic excellence is pursued!

Russian Girl comes over to evaluate my trimming. "With the Trainwreck, you should really shave it," she instructs.

I look at her and respond, "I'm high!"

She picks up a bud. "Can you make this tighter?"

[Pause] "I'm *really* high!"

Twenty minutes into trimming, I quickly determine that if this were totally legal—sanctioned by the government—it would pay roughly \$7 per hour. (Good thing it's not legal.)

"I'm going to Santa Barbara next week. It's going to be for both business and pleasure!" remarks Jake, whose T-shirt says Amsterdam (a city that has a lot of weed).

"A hockey bag can fit 70 to 100 pounds of weed," Wayne shares, regarding the magnitude of a recent transaction of B-grade British Columbia weed. The only drawback: "The industry up there is run by the Vietnamese mob."

You know when you buy weed and feel obligated to hang out with the dealer afterward, stuck hearing about his band or life philosophy? This is a whole room full of those guys.

"Wayne will sell to the biggest gangsta thugs in San Francisco," throws out the Dude, now cooking and oblivious that he's splattering food on his bathrobe. "He'll sell to the kind of guys



If **this** were **totally** legal—
sanctioned by the
government—it would
pay roughly **\$7** per hour.
(Good thing **\$7** it's not legal.)

who, when you walk in, you can see the guns in the room!"

Somehow, I get the feeling that one day Wayne might end up in a wood chipper. But hell, he'll be happy, living his American dream.

The Dude clarifies, "It's not that it's illegal. It's theft. You don't have anything legal to fall back on." Once, the Dude tried to sell two pounds of Trainwreck to a guy—a big guy (if in a motorcycle gang, maybe he'd be nicknamed Tiny). He took the Dude's megabag of marijuana, looked him dead in the eye, and snarled, "What are you going to do about it?!" The guy walked away with free weed. "He knows you can't call the cops."

Suddenly, a short, shirtless guy comes storming in from outside, frantically huffing and puffing. Collapsing into a chair, he tilts his head up toward the ceiling and doesn't move. A few concerned people momentarily put down their pipes to investigate the situation.

"Paco! Paco!" cries the Dude, shaking him. "Paco! Paco!"

Is Paco dead? Will Paco ever get up again?

The Dude clarifies: "Paco just did four hits of ecstasy."

Paco suddenly mumbles, "It tastes just like NutraSweet."

Everyone lets out an "Oh, Paco!" laugh and a sigh of relief. Pot trimming and weed smoking resume. More silence. More sounds of lighters. More food being loudly chewed.

■ A GROWERS' SCHOOL

We're ready for the final stage of bubble-hash production. The small stove is turned on. "You heat it up in a plastic bag in boiling water, then mold it," explains a lanky kid with a suburban-shopping-mall, white-gangsta vibe, shaping a clump of hash like Play-Doh. He displays the final rectangular result. Then, "Since we're up here, might as well take a little rip break!"

A huge bong hit is taken. Coughing. More coughing. Coughing resides. "Damn, that's why I love hash," he remarks in a wincing voice. "All the THC gets in there." Gangsta Kid adds between coughing spasms, "I used to be a straight-edge kid. I played baseball and all till I broke my foot. Then, my family moved from Seattle.... You can say I got *California-ized*!"

In the further pursuit of journalistic excellence, I accept Gangsta Kid's offer of fresh bubble hash. More journalistic excellence follows. Now too stoned to work, I stare at the shape of the clouds. One cloud resembles Abe Lincoln. Except Abe Lincoln without a beard or stovepipe hat. *Hey, my blue Gatorade looks just like Windex. How can I be sure it isn't? What if I am drinking Windex? Will everyone be too baked to help me? The peacocks are really starting to freak me out. If I'm this high from two hits of hash, should I worry? Everyone else must be much higher. They won't notice my slack-jawed staring as anything unusual. Nothing to worry about.... Damn, there're a lot of peacocks! Is this how the Manson Family started?*

■ THE DAY BURNS ON

I've turned into a stupid stoner, losing my way back to the make-shift wooden building.

"The local store has all the supplies we need," Rachel says, just returning from town with such essentials as a gallon of alcohol, a case of turkey bags, and trimming scissors.

Wayne moans that two out of three people in the area grow marijuana. "The other day the UPS guy came by. He was tripping when he saw the greenhouses," he says while picking a scab.

The Dude, who's adjusting his bathrobe again, surely knows weed. He's been a grower for the past 12 years. The basement of his home facilitates a ten-light indoor hydroponic operation. "Generation Y-Not!" he smiles, taking another rip from his Gatorade bong. "If you do it, you want to be really good at it. You got to be gutsy!"

Why the risk? "You don't have to go to a job every day, and you work in drugs," the Dude says. (That, along with the potential of making \$10,000 some weeks.) In a moment of seriousness, he adds, "If something happens to me, I don't have a job to fall back on. This is all I know how to do!"

"You slit your toe," Jake interrupts, noting a big bloody gash on the Dude's foot. "How did you do it?"

"I don't know," the Dude replies, unfazed. "Maybe it was on the trailer?" Another rip from the Gatorade bong.

■ FIELDS OF DREAMS

"Be sure to close the gate. Otherwise deer will get in here and chew the plants," Jake says, embarking on an afternoon inspection of one of the four large pot fields.

"What happens to the deer?" I ask.

"They get real high!" Jake replies. "They'll lie down and not want to move." (Sounds like Wayne.)

Passing a huge marijuana plant bearing a multitude of rip buds, glistening with various shades of purple, Jake gleefully exclaims, like a kid on Christmas morning, "I never seen outdoor so good." His face lights up. "Two weeks ago I was picking nugs as big as my arm!"

Taking another blessed sniff of sweet Trainwreck, Jake looks off into the canvas of wilderness, smiling with a twinkle in his eye. "This is my American dream. You get to grow weed and hang out with like-minded people. It raises opportunities both financially and socially."



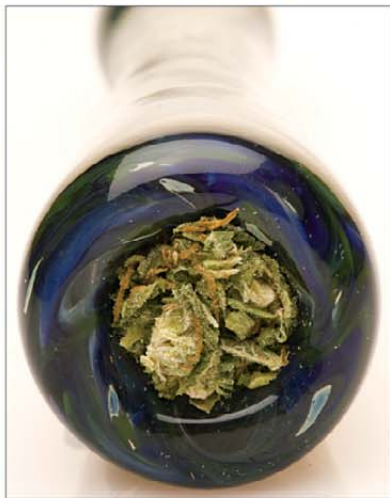
I get the feeling that one day
Wayne might end up in a
wood chipper. But hell, he'll
be happy living
his American dream.

Rachel appears, trekking up the hill through the woods, smiling. Three peacocks that have navigated to the highest branch of a tree now emit otherworldly noises from high above.

"Quit creeping me out!" I scream.

"The birds really freak out when the helicopters fly over," Rachel states, sitting down on the side of the hill. Fortunately for peacocks (and weed growers), funds have been cut this year for helicopters patrolling Mendocino pot farms.

"It's created this boomtown of growers, and changed the market," she says, smiling. "People have gone crazy, and it's much more relaxed 'cause the threat is gone!"



In the distance, the fog slowly rolls over the hills from the coastline. The sun starts setting, giving off an incandescent orange-and-red light over the canopy of nature. "This is what it's all about," says Rachel, who's been up here every fall since she was 17. "Being able to support yourself and being able to be here!"

■ DINNER

A heater is haphazardly hooked up to a propane tank by the Dude, who fumbles with the device. Something could easily blow up. Paco falls out of his chair. It's only 7 P.M.

Dinnertime creates a dysfunctional stoner-family feel, as a meal is prepared for everyone. A typical stoner dinner it is: Utilizing whatever eating utensils they can find—a knife, stick, very large spoon, hands—they consume stir-fried vegetables. When eating takes place on a pot farm, it gets very, very quiet.

Becoming increasingly aggressive, Paco now keeps repeating, "I have to turn myself in tomorrow!"

His situation is stated: "Paco flipped a U-Haul trailer with the nitrous-oxide tanks driving to L.A.!" [Laughs] An update: "Tomorrow he has to turn himself in to the court." [More laughs]

"He blew all his money on legal fees!" [Huge laughs]

This might be the last we see of Paco for a while. Good thing he's tripping his nuts off. Wayne and the Dude are driving him home tonight, along with, of course, a massive amount of weed.

"Make sure you have a medical-marijuana card," Rachel recommends.

"I'll be the decoy," the Dude assures, still in his bathrobe. "If the cops pull us over I'll say I don't have a license and take off running in the woods." (The makings of the best episode of *Cops* ever!)

Before leaving us on our own, the Dude provides some advice. If a confrontation should arise, he insists that the local sheriff recommends, "Hide the bodies!"

Wayne explains that in the past, L.A. gangs armed with AK-47s have come to this area to rob farms.

Looking around, in this room alone, there must be tens of thousands of dollars' worth of weed. Looking at those minding the weed—an elite squadron of misfit superheroes from another dimension—I realize how comically easy that would be.

■ LATE NIGHT

The barren, makeshift structure is freezing-fucking-cold. In complete, utter silence, four of us sit, huddled together, stoned out of our heads, watching *Borat*. Outside, it's pitch black and haunted-house foggy. This would be the opportune time for the gangs with AK-47s to rob the entire place—leaving no witnesses. I think you could rob this place with a penknife and an affected raspy voice.

A loud noise suddenly erupts from the fog, sharply cutting through the deafening silence. We look at one another. Another noise. *Borat* is put on pause.

"That's not your everyday sound," remarks Dean, a kid with dreads and a baseball cap with a pot leaf on it (he must like pot).

I'm too stoned to move. Brian can't be bothered to stop trimming. Grabbing a hammer, Dean goes outside to investigate.

Is this the last we'll see of Dean? Are drug barons going to kidnap us?

No gunfire, only leftover chow mein. Dean comes back holding two takeout cartons. "Does anyone want Chinese food?"

The noise came from a couple of trimmers returning from dinner in Laytonville. Too baked to react, we resume watching *Borat*. Stoned and paranoid is not an ideal combination.

■ MORE TRIM

In the morning, six of us trim buds in complete silence.

Snippity-snip-snip.

Two girls from San Diego have joined us—both three-year Zen Masters of trimming. They trim buds with the proficiency of old Southern gentlemen whittling George Washington's head out of a good piece of hickory. I, on the other hand, spend a lot of time just staring at individual buds, thinking they resemble thick pinecones (and occasionally verbalizing this).

The dreadlocked one of the Zen Masters mentions her upcoming birthday. "I'm going to be 30, but I feel like 17." (Could it be because you trim weed for a living?)


The day moves at a slow stoner's pace. I see purple buds when I blink. The strong smell of weed is beginning to make me nauseated. It's like a little kid who loves candy, until he's allowed all the candy he wants, and ends up vomiting.

One of the Masters needs to call her mom and legitimize her whereabouts for the past few months. "She still has dreams of me being in the corporate world," she mentions.

Looking at the time, I can't believe the irony. Expecting a huge reaction, I announce, "Hey, everyone, it's 4:20!"

No one cares.

No one looks up.

On a pot farm, it's always 4:20. 



naughty is nice

When Jelena Jensen is scheduled for a return engagement in *Penthouse*, she's thrilled to learn she'll be working with September 2000 Pet of the Month Aria Giovanni ... till she finds Aria wearing her brand-new bikini. Once Jelena starts to reclaim her property, though, she realizes it's more rewarding to make love than war. But she's still going to teach her new friend a thing or two about manners.

Photographs by Misha





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FUCK BUDDIES 101

By Jennifer Matlack • Illustrations by Celia Calle

Every Saturday night around 11 p.m., Geoff, 26, gets a text message from Samantha, 25, a graphic designer with long black hair and avocado green eyes. In her message, Samantha says what she's up to and where she and her friends will be later on in the night. Between 1 a.m. and 2 a.m., Geoff will meet up with her at a bar where they'll dance and make out for a while, then go back to his place for sex.

The two have been meeting like this for more than a year now, but Samantha isn't Geoff's girlfriend. And they aren't exactly "a couple," either. In fact, "we've never once sat down at a restaurant together, or even been outside together during daylight hours," says Geoff. (They aren't vampires, either.) They're "fuck buddies," a term used to describe people who, well, just fuck each other. Other names for the casual arrangement include friend with benefits, go-to girl, and flinger. No matter what you call it, it's all about the same thing: having no-strings-attached sex with someone you know (or sort of know), but don't want to date.

Here's a primer on how to find a fuck buddy of your own, and tips for making the "relationship" work with little or no drama.

■ CAN WE BE FRIENDS?

There's no single way to find a fuck buddy. It can happen randomly at a bar or a party, for example, with a woman you've never met before, or it can come about with a little forethought with someone you already know. In Geoff's case, he was on a Manhattan street when Samantha caught his eye. As luck would have it, he caught her eye, too. "She was with her friends walking one way; I was with mine walking the other," he says. "We got them to come to the bar we were going to, and we slept together that night." Since then, the relationship hasn't progressed any further than their late-night weekend "date."

Matthew, 23, met his 19-year-old buddy at a mutual friend's party. "We connected because we were both into underground music, and it was a rare thing to find that sort of similarity without ever really having talked before," he says. The relationship began that evening as a one-night stand. The next time they ran into each other at another party, they exchanged e-mail addresses and phone numbers. From there, "the arrangement evolved in a way that it shouldn't—with very little communication about



WHAT YOU DO IN-BETWEEN "DATES" ISN'T ANY OF YOUR BUDDY'S BUSINESS. IN THE REALM OF FUCK BUDDIES, SLEEPING AROUND IS OKAY.

where we were going with it," he says. "Fortunately for us, we were like-minded, and it was just sort of a feeling more than anything else—neither of us were clinging to the other, so once that unspoken connection was made, it was pretty easy to keep traveling down that road."

More likely it's strangers who end up morphing into fuck buddies, but women you already know—an acquaintance, coworker, even an ex-lover—can be prospective candidates. For Calvin, 29, his fuck buddy Lisa is a colleague. "A few nights a week, after work, a bunch of people would go out for drinks," he says. One night, after everyone else had cleared out of the bar, only he and Lisa were left. "It was the first time we really talked one-on-one," says Calvin. The conversation turned to past relationships and sex, and eventually Lisa asked if Calvin ever had a friend with benefits, which he hadn't. Two nights later, Lisa gave Calvin a blowjob in the parking lot at the bar. "That's how it went for about two months, until she got back with her ex," he says. "We'd hang out in a group and then screw around at the end of the night." Although Calvin was disappointed when the sex stopped, he was glad with how things played out: "In a way, I felt relieved when she ended it. I mean, we work together. Things could have gotten messy, but they didn't. There were no bad feelings."

Charlie, 27, found his fuck buddy in a past lover who he had initially met at work. After the relationship ended, the two went in different directions. A few years later, when they ran into each other at a trade show, their sex-only relationship developed. "Any deep feelings we had had for each other were gone, but a strong attraction was still there," he says. It was awkward the first time they had sex, but after that, everything fell into place. "We both got that it was about only sex now, nothing else," he says.

Of course, there are more clear-cut approaches to finding fuck friends. Tapping into swingers clubs and online sites will hasten your search. Going this route will put you in touch with people who are after the same thing you are, which means everything is on the table from the start. Some sites to check out include AdultFriendFinder.com or Passion.com.

■ RULES OF ENGAGEMENT

Another perk of having a fuck buddy is that rules typically don't exist. Essentially, you come and go as you please, and what you do in-between "dates" isn't any of your buddy's business. For example, Samantha isn't Geoff's only sex partner. A couple of times a month, he also hooks up with Kristine, 30. In the realm of fuck buddies, sleeping around is okay—maybe even understood.

For that reason, protecting yourself from sexually transmitted diseases is a must. "It's not even so much an issue of trust or anything, but the fact that it's safer for both of you," says Kurt, 24. Even if you're sleeping with only one woman, you don't really know what or who she's doing when you're not around.

"My thoughts on safe sex?" says Geoff, who admits that he doesn't know if Samantha is sleeping with other guys or not. "I practice it religiously. Basically, I enjoy sleeping around far too much to mess around with not being safe. It's simply not worth it. Furthermore, while I know most guys would rather go bareback to heighten the sensation, I don't mind condoms at all. They help me last longer, which comes in handy when I'm sleeping with a girl early in the process or on a one-night stand."

However, taking monogamy off the table doesn't mean the relationship will be a cakewalk. To make the arrangement flow smoothly, there are things you need to know—and put into practice. For starters: "Meet your sex buddy at some place you don't always go to and keep your hangouts to yourself," says Brad, 27, who met his buddy through a friend. If you hook up together at your favorite bar, for example, you'll never have complete freedom again. If you're both there but not together, you may end up feeling uncomfortable, especially if you're trying to pick up another girl. Remember, you want to have fun with and without her, so think about where you spend your time together.

Another thing: Don't get too close. The quickest way to muck up the arrangement is by exchanging a lot of personal information. "The less you get emotionally involved in the other person's day-to-day life, the less chance someone is going to get hurt," says Matthew. "You want to put less effort into getting to know each other and more effort into trying to keep the sexual relationship intact. As awkward and shallow as that sounds, I'd like to quote the old adage: It's just sex."

Here's how to be a first-class fuck buddy:

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| <p>DO</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ■ Be clear about the nature of the relationship. Your buddy should know that you're not looking for a girlfriend. ■ Protect yourself and your partners by practicing safer sex. You should | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> always assume you're not your buddy's only fuck friend. ■ Show respect. Even though your | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> buddy is primarily a source for sex, she still has feelings. ■ Make a clean break when the relationship has run its course. Dragging it out only makes things uncomfortable. |
|--|---|---|



Geoff agrees. “You need to make it extremely clear that it’s just fun, and that feelings will not and cannot get involved,” he says. “The second feelings creep up, the whole thing is gonna go to shit unless the feelings are mutual.”

But before you explain in very plain language that all you’re after is an occasional fuck, listen up: You don’t want to be crass, but you also don’t want to be vague. “I’m assuming that Samantha knows that we’re just fuck buddies,” says Geoff. “I mean, we don’t ever see each other or even so much as speak on the phone unless it’s a weekend night and we’re trying to get together. But neither of us has ever come close to broaching the topic of defining our relationship. It’s basically this unspoken agreement that we give each other good sex once a week.” With Kristine, Geoff’s other fuck buddy, the relationship is obvious. “She knows the deal. Hell, it was *her* idea,” he says. Still, he sees Kristine only once every other week. “Any more than that, and I fear that she’d start to develop feelings for me despite herself.”

If you’re confident the arrangement is clear to your buddy, then you’re good to go. Not convinced you’re both on the same page?

Then hold up. You don’t want to give the wrong impression to someone whose motivations for sleeping with you go beyond lust. For instance, if your fuck buddy is an ex-girlfriend whose feelings for you still run deep, you’re asking for a pile of trouble.

Don’t try to fool yourself, either. If the arrangement means more than just sex to you, but not to her, the whole affair will soon become awkward, if not downright depressing. “I had some issues coming to grips with my situation,” says Kurt, whose feelings for his “friend” spurred him into pressing her into a traditional relationship. (She balked and withdrew.) “I’ve always believed that you find someone who’s your one and only and then you do what you can to make it work,” he says. “But many women seem to subscribe to the *Sex and the City* mind-set. There’s no ‘us.’ There’s only convenience for them. It’s a paradigm shift from what media and our parents told us. I think the main thing for me was losing my male ego. I wanted her all to myself, and you just can’t try to chain a woman down like that. As a man, you just have to adapt.”

Or maybe not. If you’re having trouble accepting the terms—or lack thereof—it’s probably time for you to move on and find yourself a new pal.

■ WHEN THE FRIENDSHIP FADES

Maybe you met another “friend” and the sex is better with her, or maybe you went ahead and found yourself a real girlfriend. Whatever the case, fuck buddies don’t last forever; one day, you’re going to need (or want) to cut ties. If you’ve been honest about the relationship from the very beginning, saying good-bye just might be as straightforward as the sex you’ve been having. But sometimes, no matter how cautious you’ve been, calling it quits isn’t so easy.

“After I broke up with my sex buddy, she saw me out at a bar with a new girl and flipped out,” says Brad. Looking back, he realizes that she had developed feelings for him, even though he had been clear about not wanting a girlfriend. “If it were to ever happen again, I would know now to break it off or turn it into a real relationship earlier,” he says, adding, “You don’t want things to get out of hand, like, you know, boiled bunnies or a horse head in your bed.”

A few years ago, Geoff found himself dealing with a breakup issue. “There was a girl I had an affair with in college,” he says. “When I moved to New York and later broke up with my ex, we started sleeping together again, even though I made it clear that I was going to date other people and that I was not about to get into a relationship again. I broke it off a couple of weeks later, and at first she was fine with it. But a few weeks after that, she got hammered and begged me to take her home with me, even telling me to fake like I loved her to make her feel better. It was horrible, and we didn’t speak for months after that. She’s since moved away, and we’ve become friends again, but no longer have a sexual relationship.”

Does he worry about how things will end with Samantha? “I think that if I find someone else, issues might arise,” he says. “At the same time, she’s just as likely to say ‘Fuck it’ and never call me again.”

DON'T

■ Get too close. Taking your buddy on a real date or to your nana’s birthday party will screw things up.

■ Hang out with her at your regular haunts. You don’t want to bump into

her every weekend at your favorite bar after the relationship fizzles out.

■ Do anything stupid, like date her best friend or her sister. Your male friends’ sisters, exes, and moms also should be

off-limits if you value the friendship.

■ Blow her off when you’ve had your fill. Be brave and break things off in person. And whatever you do, don’t try for a good-bye fuck.

Love Bound

A hot tale from Letters to Penthouse XXXII: Kinky Sex and Naughty Games, published by Grand Central Publishing

I recently discovered that my girlfriend, Helen, had some feather boas hidden in the back of her closet. I discovered them by accident, and these fluffy little accessories actually helped propel our sex life from good to spectacular.

The evening of my revelation, she was rushing around to get ready for a charity fund-raiser and asked me to fetch a dress from her closet. While inside, I came across a fluffy, soft mass of feathers. I took her black dress off the hanger and picked up a thin lilac boa. As it grazed my arm, erotic possibilities raced through my mind. What if, instead of just draping these ticklish feathers around her neck, I used them to tie her up and tease her? I already knew she was ticklish, and figured that sensation could be heightened while she was restrained.

I kept this observation to myself for the moment, though my hard cock might have given away my dirty thoughts if Helen had been paying any attention to me. She was so busy putting the finishing touches on her makeup, however, that she barely noticed the wicked look on my face.

It wasn't until we were on the way home, stopped at a red light, that I took the end of her purple boa and brushed it lightly under her arm. She laughed loudly, slapping at the feathers. "That tickles!" When I brushed it under her chin, she laughed and used both her hands to swat at me. "What are you doing?"

"Just having a little fun," I said,

letting go of the boa. "I can't believe you had all those boas in your closet and never showed them to me. I want to use them when we get home."

"Use them? You mean you want to wear my boas?" Helen asked with a confused look on her face. The suggestion made me laugh, and I hurried to elaborate, while still keeping my plans secret.

"No, not use them on *me*, use them on *you*. You'll see," was all I said, which I knew would make my girl even more curious. She can be very stubborn when she doesn't get what she wants, and not fully explaining my intentions had her mind racing. I could tell from the way she kept blowing her bangs up out of her eyes that she was really frustrated. She fiddled with her seat belt and kept looking at me out of the corner of her eye.

Then her gaze flitted down to my lap, where my cock was swelling in my pants. She didn't say anything else, figuring that in this case, it was best to hold off. We were almost home, and the thought of twisting those feathered boas around her wrists and watching her squirm got me going all over again. I felt hornier than ever and practically shoved her into the house. "Go take out your entire boa collection," I told her. Helen opened her mouth to question me, but then closed it. She knew she'd find out my plans sooner by doing my bidding.

She slithered against me and arched her hips upward. I feasted on her until she was on the brink of orgasm.



When I got upstairs a few minutes later, I found her lying across the bed surrounded by a beautiful multicolored pile of boas. She had her hands above her head and her eyes closed, with her legs spread just enough so that I could see her panties beneath her dress. "Stay right there," I said, my dick hardening even more as I approached her. She looked up at me, her eyelashes fluttering as she did her best to stay still. "I'm going to make you feel so good," I said, not giving anything away just yet.

Then I lifted her dress over her head, my cock jerking as she struggled to get out of it. Finally, she was loose. She sat up slightly and reached behind herself to undo her



bra. After she removed it, I took both her hands and raised them back above her head. "I told you to stay where you were, Helen." I took the purple boa and knotted it around her joined wrists.

Helen moaned as soon as she realized what I was doing. "That's right—I'm going to tie you up with your own boas," I teased. "Then I'm going to tickle you with their feathers until you're begging to be fucked. I'm going to torment you—in a good way." I reached my hand between her legs as she wiggled against her bonds. The boas certainly weren't made with bondage in mind, but they did the job. I rubbed my fingers against her panty-covered cunt, and as her pussy got wetter and wetter, she struggled against the ticklish knots.

"You like it, don't you? You like being at my mercy, knowing that I

can take one of these pretty boas," I said, trailing the end of a hot-pink boa along her neck, then down into her armpit, "and tease you with it. Before I fuck you, I'm going to run these feathers along your thighs and pussy until you beg me for my cock."

"Hmm," was all Helen could come up with as I slipped off her panties.

"I think you need a little more decoration," I said, taking a fluffy black boa and wrapping it around her breasts. I grabbed another boa and rubbed its feathers along her skin. She giggled when I passed over her stomach, then gasped when I let the pile of plumes brush against the wetness between her spread legs. I dropped most of the boas back onto

the bed, then held the end of one and brought it down to her foot. She playfully kicked at me, and I captured her foot in my hand. "There'll be none of that, my sweet, unless you want me to tie your ankles together, too," I warned her, noting the shudder that passed through her gorgeous body.

I teased her by wrapping one boa around her ankle, but then she eagerly spread her legs. Her pussy looked beautiful, as if it were beckoning me, and my cock was throbbing so hard, I let go of her legs.

I positioned my face by her cunt, smiling as I inhaled her scent. She raised her bound wrists above her head, then let them drop, while her knees opened wider to reveal even more of her pussy lips. I lapped at her sex, savoring that first taste of her delicious cream. I held on to her hips, pushing my tongue even

deeper into her wet, warm hole. Helen squirmed as her pussy welcomed me. She slithered against me and arched her hips upward. I cupped her ass cheeks and feasted on her cunt until she was on the brink of orgasm. Normally, her hands would be running all over my head, tangling in my hair and kneading the back of my neck, but now they couldn't. I found her helplessness incredibly exciting.

When I could tell she was on the brink of climax, I pulled back. "Dennis," she wailed, trying to draw me back in. I stood up, making like I was about to leave, though I could never leave her when she looked so tempting. Instead, I did a slow striptease, making sure my dick hovered very close to her.

"See something you like?" I asked as I took off my shirt and pants, then finally removed my boxers. She whimpered, licked her lips, and spread her legs. I covered her body with mine, threading my fingers through hers as the boa tickled my wrists. I let my hard cock rub against her pussy lips, teasing her, while the weight of my body effectively pinned her to the bed. She curled her fingers against mine, trying to force me inside, but I spent a few delicious minutes savoring the feeling of her sleek slit as it welcomed my hard shaft, before I simply couldn't resist. I shoved my cock inside her cunt, kissing Helen's soft lips as I did. I rubbed her wrist with one of my thumbs, sliding it beneath the ticklish boa. She wiggled her hips incessantly, forcing my cock even deeper inside her as she writhed.

I relished the power I had over Helen, slamming my cock deep inside her as I teased her bound breasts with the boas. I lifted my head, moving it so I could suck on one nipple while pinching the other through a layer of feathers. Then I rose so I could survey my sexy girlfriend in all her feathered, immobilized glory. "You could have gotten me to tie you up much sooner if you'd shown me your boa stash," I told her, taunting her with the feathers as I brushed them against her neck.

She arched her back, thrusting her hips, which sent my cock burrowing deep inside her. I stopped talking and started fucking her as hard as I could, feeling my cockhead meeting her cervix with each thrust while her head and bound arms




She spread her legs. I covered her body with mine, threading my fingers through hers as the boa tickled my wrists.

flopped back against the bed. I looked on as she curled and opened her fingers, vainly tugging against her bonds. "From now on, every time you wear any of these boas, you're going to think about my cock and about the way you feel right now. In fact, I predict these boas aren't going to have much of a life outside of our bedroom," I told her as I crashed down against her, spurting my load into her hole as I imagined her walking down the street, her cheeks blushing a furious red as a boa tickled her neck

and made her pussy tingle. I pulled out, then shoved three fingers into her cunt. She came with only a few thrusts of my fingers, crying out in ecstasy as her orgasm overtook her.

I discovered another plus to using her feathered accessories for bondage: They didn't leave any marks. Our boa bondage would be our little secret, but one which ensured that the mere mention of a feather would be enough to send us scurrying to the bedroom.

I plan to investigate what else is lurking in Helen's closet very soon. Who needs fancy sex toys when you can have kinky fun without spending a penny?—D.L., Michigan 

Male Enhancement Pills . . .

Is it a Hoax or Do They Really Work?

Dr. Daniel Stein, M.D.

I wish I had a dollar for every patient or person that asked me over the last few years about increasing the size of "that certain part of the male body." The preoccupation with size that men have is a mystery to most women. The fact is it is completely normal for most men to want to be larger. It doesn't matter if they are smaller than average, average, or larger than average. It's even been my experience that guys that are almost too big, so big in fact that many women won't go near them with a ten foot pole (sorry about that) still want to be larger!

I was so intrigued by this fact that I started to do research about the "so called" male enhancement pills that came on the market several years ago. The concept that a simple pill could noticeably increase the size of a man's organ seemed plausible, but I wanted to know more. I had done much research over the years about certain sexually enhancing compounds available, so I believed the concept was sound that a pill could be made to make a man larger.

My first task was to look at some of the ads I had seen in magazines for male enhancement. There were some amazing claims by many of these makers. My personal favorite was a cream that claimed to make men instantly larger. I had to laugh out loud when I read what it said. The ad read, "apply cream, rub vigorously, watch it grow." I thought for a minute and then decided you could put virtually anything on a man, including guacamole, and if he rubbed vigorously it would grow. Then there was an ad for a pill, that if taken daily, would increase the length of a man by 3 to 4 inches in just a few *short* days (sorry about the "short" comment).

I'm sorry, but after all those years of medical school, I know enough about anatomy to know that a guy who is 5 inches in length isn't going to add 3 to 4 inches to his little friend unless he buys a rope, gets a large brick, finds a bridge and...well, you get the picture. At about this time I was beginning to think that perhaps these makers hadn't found the magic mixture of compounds I had hoped they might have.

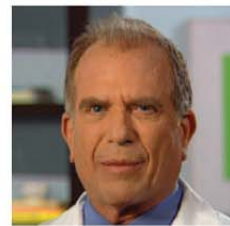
As the founder of both the Stein Medical Institute and the Foundation for Intimacy, I have spent most of my adult life trying to improve men and

convinced that their product really worked, and they claim to have sold over 100 million capsules to men all over the world. "Over 100 million capsules taken by men." With that single declaration, they had my interest. Either Extenze really worked or these guys were the world's greatest snake oil salesmen. So I requested that they send me Extenze formula so I could review it, then we would talk.



I then visited the Extenze.com web site, where I found a page that showed the top twelve adult film stars, all holding Extenze and endorsing it. I thought to myself, "Is it possible Extenze actually works?"

The next day I received the proprietary Extenze formula and there it was, virtually all of the ingredients that I hoped would be in a male enhancement product, 19 pharmaceutical grade nutraceuticals. There was Yohimbe (which used to be available by prescription only,) L-Arginine, Maca...all of it was there.



I contacted the makers of Extenze the very next day and asked them what they needed me for. They explained that they had a desire to have a medical doctor in their T.V. commercials to talk about the effectiveness of the ingredients in Extenze. At that moment an idea sprang into my head. I told them if they would let me improve the formula of Extenze, I would do the commercial for free!

Before I knew it I was working with their

"they claim to have sold almost a quarter of a billion capsules to men."

chemists at the manufacturing plant where we added the most revolutionary thing to the formula of Extenze. We added DHEA, also known as the "mother of all hormones." DHEA is the most important human prohormone and is the prohormone that converts into testosterone in men. DHEA levels decrease with the aging. Production peaks in a man's early 20's, and declines about 10% every 10 years. Low levels of testosterone can lead to low sex drive and a smaller sex organ.

After a few more weeks of tweaking the formula of Extenze, we were done. The new Extenze formula has been selling even better than the old formula, with over 75% of sales to repeat customers. Extenze has been on the market for 7 years and has sold almost a quarter of a billion capsules to men all over the world. It doesn't matter if you're 18 or 80 years old. In my opinion Extenze can make you larger, harder and increase both your intensity and pleasure and it is as simple as taking a single tablet daily. Extenze is so sure it would work for anyone that they're sending out a free one-week supply of Extenze for nothing more than the cost of a postage stamp. You can contact them directly at 800-630-3931. I recommend any man healthy enough to engage in sexual activity should try Extenze. You have nothing to lose but a lot to gain. ★

"a pill that, if taken daily, would increase the length of a man by 3 to 4 inches."

women's sexual health. I pride myself on being the best medical doctor I can be and my reputation is important to me. So, when out of the clear blue sky, I got a call from the makers of Extenze, the leader in male enhancement, wanting me to be in one of their TV commercials, I thought, "Boy, did they pick the wrong guy!"

Little did they know that I had done real research into this concept and had recently looked at some of these male enhancement products. But the makers of Extenze seemed to be genuinely

A Pill That Can Increase Your Size!*

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week
supply**



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*These statements have not been evaluated by the Food and Drug Administration. Extenze is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure, or prevent any disease.





brea

take the gloves off

Brea Lynn, our November 2006 Pet of the Month, has hit it big in adult entertainment, and one look at her stunning but sweet girl-next-door looks and that rockin' 32DD-24-36 bod makes it clear why. But there's way more to love about this nursing student from Arizona.


Photographs by Misha





Lana has Jaclyn straddle her at just the right angle for mutual satisfaction, thrilled to see her new lover atop her own quivering body. Lana screams in ecstasy as the poolside rendezvous reaches its climax.





"I think I'm fun and carefree,
and one thing I always
look for in guys is a drama-free
attitude. I'm really into dates
and stuff being spontaneous."



brea

"The most amazing sexual experience I've ever had is the last time I was with the guy I'm seeing now. Every night is the best sex ever ... till the next night."





"Because I do porn, I still get to sleep with other guys! The only way I would sleep with a stranger is when making a film, so it's a win-win situation."





"Would I rather lose my right arm or my ability to have orgasms? My arm, of course. In fact, if I get to keep my orgasms, take 'em both!"

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA. GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM. SEE MORE OF BREA AT PENTHOUSE.COM/BREALYNN.





TOOL TIME

ART BY MATT ERIKSON • COLOR BY BRYON DAVIDSON

IN MY LINE OF WORK I GET ALL KINDS OF CALLS, AND BECAUSE I DON'T ALWAYS KNOW WHAT THE PROBLEM IS, I HAVE TO BE PREPARED WITH THE RIGHT TOOLS TO SERVICE ALL MY CLIENTS.





Well, here we are.



GOD, THIS WOMAN WAS BEAUTIFUL. NOW, IF ONLY I COULD CHECK OUT HER PLUMBING!



SUDDENLY SHE STOOD OVER ME AND GAVE ME A PERFECT VIEW UP HER SKIRT—FUCK ME! NO PANTIES!



I CLUTCHED A HANDFUL OF HER LUSCIOUS ASS CHEEKS, PRESSED MY FACE INTO HER BUSH, AND SLID MY TONGUE ALONG HER SLIT.



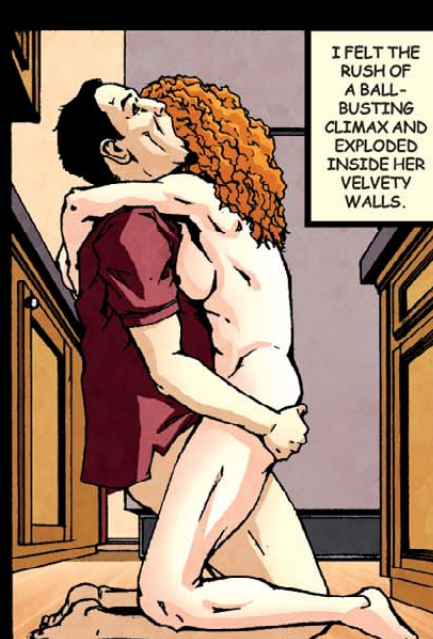
SHE TOOK OFF HER BLOUSE AND I TOOK HER DOWN, KISSING AND LICKING HER SWEET, SILKY SKIN. I THRUST MY FINGERS INTO HER PUSSY AND STROKED HER CLIT WITH MY TONGUE.



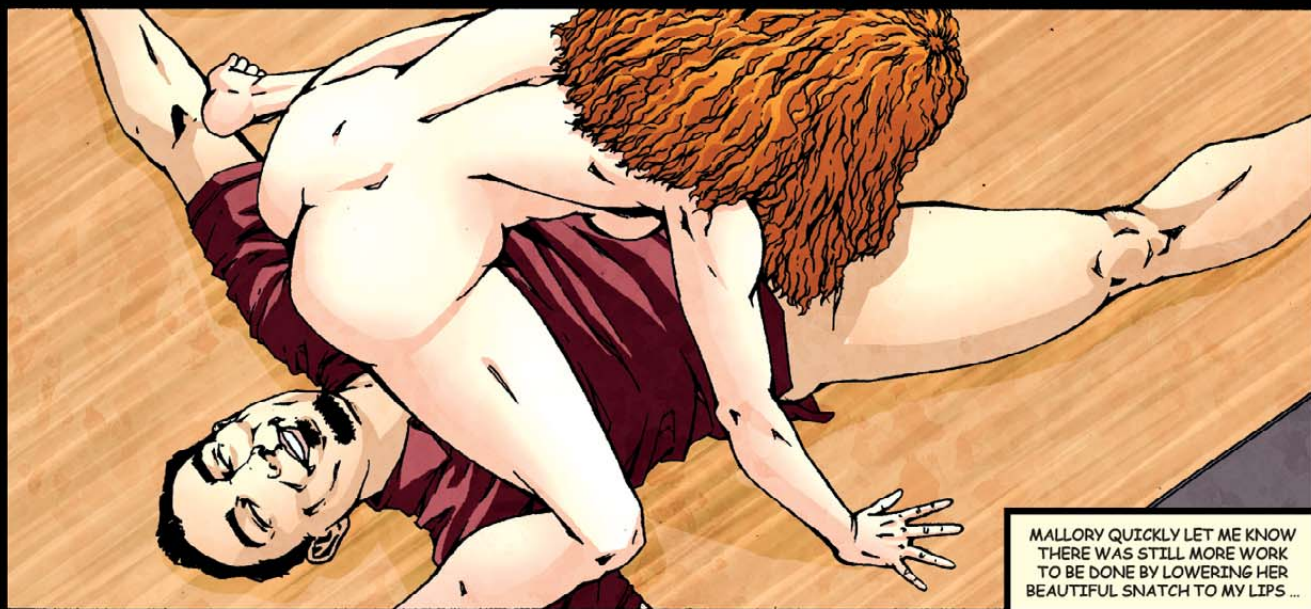
MY HEAD WAS TRAPPED BETWEEN HER THIGHS AS SHE CAME.



READY TO DO A LITTLE PLUMBING—
FINALLY—I EASED INTO HER
TIGHT PUSSY AND BOUGHT A TICKET
STRAIGHT TO HEAVEN.



I FELT THE
RUSH OF
A BALL-
BUSTING
CLIMAX AND
EXPLODED
INSIDE HER
VELVETY
WALLS.

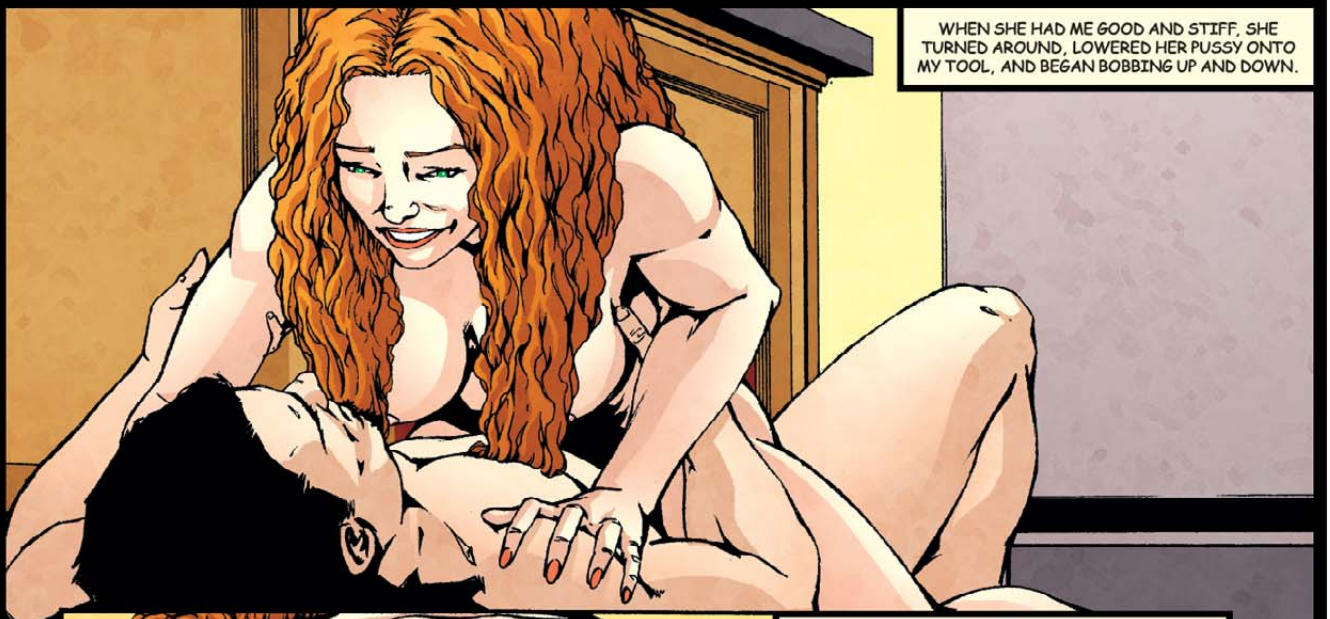


MALLORY QUICKLY LET ME KNOW
THERE WAS STILL MORE WORK
TO BE DONE BY LOWERING HER
BEAUTIFUL SNATCH TO MY LIPS ...

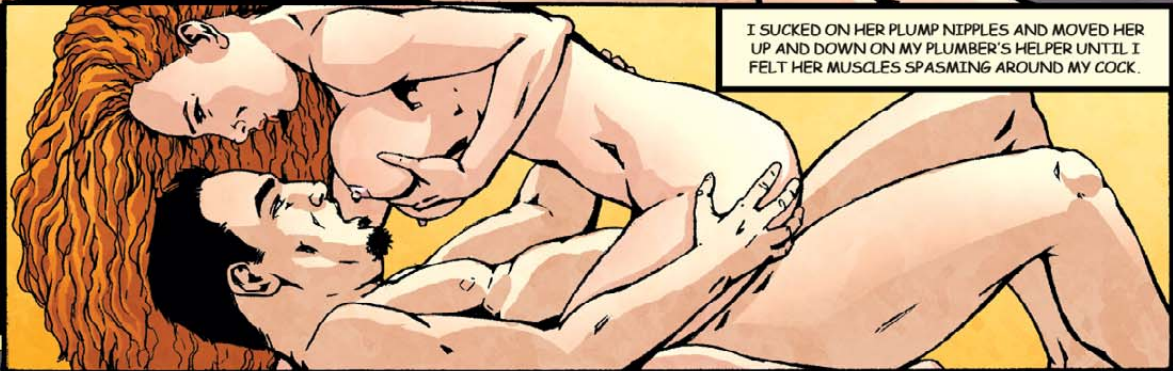


... TAKING MY
DICK BETWEEN
HER HOT LIPS,
AND SUCKING
ME BACK TO
LIFE FOR
ROUND TWO.

WHEN SHE HAD ME GOOD AND STIFF, SHE
TURNED AROUND, LOWERED HER PUSSY ONTO
MY TOOL, AND BEGAN BOBBING UP AND DOWN.



I SUCKED ON HER PLUMP NIPPLES AND MOVED HER
UP AND DOWN ON MY PLUMBER'S HELPER UNTIL I
FELT HER MUSCLES SPASMING AROUND MY COCK.



FOR THE SECOND TIME THAT DAY, I
ERUPTED INSIDE HER LOVE HOLE.



LIKE I SAID—GOTTA BE PREPARED!



THE END



Quim Fairy Tales

Penthouse Letters *Twisted Tails*

Of the many porn DVD clichés approved by the governing body of porn DVD clichés, fairy tales rate among the most popular. Think of it: The stories are already written, you don't have to worry about those pesky copyrights, and they already have the all-important happy ending (usually). Of the five classics that get the hard-core treatment here, "Sleeping Beauty" is probably the most successful, bringing to life the otherwise innocent images of somnambulant seduction and the life-restoring powers of sexual abandon; that Lucky Benton is the beauty being awoken from her sleep is just icing on the cake. Marie Luv and Mia Presley throw down a great girl-girl scene based on the story of Little Miss Muffet; when Luv crawls in as a spider in a kinky, black bodysuit, you know curds and whey aren't the only thing that's gonna get eaten. Ruby Knox's interpretation of Little

Red Riding Hood as a night owl working the dance floor of a goth nightclub, fending off the advances of a metaphorical Big Bad Wolf—until later, when she doesn't—is at once funny and funky. Her white, knee-high tube socks lend the story an unexpected but much welcome air of eroticism. I like this one because it's cute without being cloying and definitely a good one to watch with a female friend.

Top: Ruby Knox and Steven St. Croix.
Right: Marie Luv

By Johnny Bronx



FRISKY BUSINESS

Penthouse When the Cat's Away

You live with your girlfriend because you love her, right? Of course you do. But you still can't wait for those glorious weekends when she's out of town, can ya? If so, you'll definitely appreciate Randy Spears's latest directorial effort, which features Steven St. Croix as that lucky everyman who gets some time off the leash when wifey Lindsay Meadows hits the bricks. (Meadows is in especially fine form when she demands St. Croix bang her before she leaves.) St. Croix turns their house into party central in her absence, with Brooke Banner and Franchezca Valentina as the hired help to provide the entertainment. Valentina gets down with Van Damage, and Banner has a smoker with Marcus London and Brad Hardy. Victoria Sin hits just the right note (and more) as a dominatrix in the flick's best scenes, first with Valentina and Hardy, then with St. Croix.

LEARNING CURVES

Penthouse Forum Spring Fling

This could have been one of those great late-seventies/early-eighties teen sex comedies you find on Showtime (old dudes can think *H.O.T.S.* without the socially redeeming value; young kids can think *Superbad* without all the slacker subtext)—but here you get hard-core sex scenes to sweeten the pot. A Greek Week fund-raising drive finds the girls of Gamma sorority trying to bag the most contributions; Faye Reagan takes on a horny construction geek to help with her kissing booth, but kissing is the last thing on his mind. Lexi Belle gets wet (and then some) after manning the Gammass's dunk tank (and banging two frat boys) before Penthouse Pets Alexis Love and Shawna Leneé team up with Sunny Lane to celebrate Gamma's victory and ... fuck! Did I give away the ending? No worries. Even if you know where this flick is going—it's not like it's the economy or anything—getting there is still a mighty fun ride. **OT**

Top left: Brooke Banner
Top right: Lexi Belle

be a Love Artist

holiday gift list...



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pool party

Brynn and Lindsay have spent hours teasing their dates with talk about their intimate friendship ... till finally the guys dare them to play a game of strip pool and prove just how close they are. The ladies happily accept, then get straight to the business at hand: revealing the naked truth about their relationship.

Photographs by Josh Ryan




















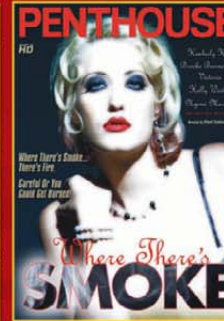
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International Relations

Tired of American girls? Why not venture overseas and graze in foreign pastures?

By Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.

As someone who was born in the Ukraine, I'm often asked where the world's hottest girls can be found. Here are some very subjective thoughts on the best overseas locales for American guys to get laid. If some of my observations sound like stereotypes, well, that's because stereotypes are often true.

■ MEXICO AND COLOMBIA

Mexican girls are inculcated into femininity at an early age. Their mothers pierce their ears when they are newborns, dress them in pink, and teach them to use makeup by the time they reach high school. They wear body-hugging clothes and love to cook for you. What is the fastest way to get a Mexican or Colombian girl to fall for you? Act extremely sentimental and romantic by staring into her eyes, sighing, giving her flowers, and professing your undying passion for her. Because most Mexican and Colombian women still harbor outdated gender notions, expect to foot the bill on every date if you get into a long-term relationship.

They can be intensely argumentative, jealous, and possessive, so watch out for that proverbial Latin temper if you get involved.

■ ECUADOR

Ecuadorian women are a mixture of Spanish, Indian, and African, and this exotic mix produces some real beauties. Compared to other Latin Americans, they are slightly more aloof and may require more work to get into bed, but once there, they are passionate and uninhibited lovers. You will definitely be a popular catch, as there is a positive social status associated with hooking up with a foreigner; there are plenty of bars and clubs where you will have no trouble meeting Ecuadorian hotties.

■ GERMANY

German women are raised with an egalitarian attitude, so they hate men who come across as overly dominant. They appreciate tact, romance, and courtship. Women often make the

first move, and they often split your beer tab! There is also an unspoken rule of no sex till the third date—but pretend you don't know anything about that, of course. If you are looking for quick sex, not romance, you can always avail yourself of Germany's blossoming sex industry. Hamburg's Reeperbahn is the most notorious in the country for live sex shows and wild sex shops, and the Herbertstrasse, a street that runs parallel to it, is open only to men over 18—this is where you will find working girls in every storefront window. Prostitution is totally legal here, and working girls pay taxes and get health checks every two months, so sex is both safe and satisfying.

■ FRANCE

American men have traditionally been very successful with French women, particularly if they can speak a bit of *Français*. French women view American men as warm, exuberant, and virile, like many American actors, so try to live up to that expectation. When it comes to sex drive, French women live up to *their* stereotype:

Surveys show that French people have, on average, more sex than the rest of the world. You can probably kiss her on the first date, but take your time before getting into the deep-tonguing action. The “French kiss” is actually referred to as “Hollywood” kissing in France, presumably because that’s the way they kiss in American movies—which is too aggressive and not sensuous enough for the French.

■ HOLLAND

If you can’t get laid in Amsterdam, you might as well become a monk. Dutch women are extremely hot and uninhibited, and most of them speak some English. These tall, blonde beauties are fascinated with Americans, and most of them are receptive to a friendly conversation, particularly if you share a joint with them (pot is legal in Holland, and there are many cafés where marijuana is sold and smoked). If dating a Dutch girl seems like too much work, head over to Amsterdam’s red-light district, where there are beauties of all nationalities (particularly Eastern European, Dominican, and Greek) on display in the windows. Don’t be shy—walk around for a few minutes, then make your selection by coming up and knocking on the door. Once she answers, tell her what you want and she’ll tell you the price (services start at about \$50). All prostitutes in the red-light district get regular health checks, but you should still wear a condom just to be safe.

■ RUSSIA, UKRAINE, AND BELARUS

Dating Russian women is as easy as it gets for an American guy—no wonder there are so many mail-order-bride services set up in the former Soviet Union. Women are gorgeous, and they work hard to impress men by dressing sexy and wearing high heels virtually all the time. Many of them are well-educated and speak English. Because almost 20 million Russian men were killed in World War II, women have long worked hard to compete for scarce male attention, and that attitude is still in effect today. Plus, due to widespread alcoholism among Russian men, Russian women definitely prefer American men because they drink less, treat their women with more respect, and make more money.



Don’t be shy—come up and knock on the door. Once she answers, tell her what you want and she’ll tell you the price.

She will also enjoy it if you use a few words of endearment, such as *milaya* or *lybimaya*, which means *darling* in most Slavic languages. Gender attitudes are less egalitarian here by European standards—men are expected to approach women and to pay for everything. Prostitution is also widespread in Russia, especially in Moscow, St. Petersburg, and other big cities. There is nothing wrong with some paid-for loving, but beware:



There are a lot of cases of foreigners getting drugged and robbed by hookers and their pimps in this part of the world.

■ CZECH REPUBLIC

The Czech Republic’s women are just as hot as Russia’s, but they have a bit more of a Western flair. They are slightly more independent and emancipated and less likely to be on a husband hunt. You will see some of the most stunning women in Prague, but if you fall in love with one of these hotties, do not expect her to move to the U.S. with you. The inhabitants of Prague are intensely proud of their gorgeous city. This is one place where knowing a bit of world history and geography will score you some major lay points.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT) ANDREAS RENTZ/GETTY IMAGES, SILVIA OTTE/GETTY, JODI COBB/GETTY IMAGES, LAURIE AND CHARLES/GETTY, ANDREAS RENTZ/GETTY IMAGES



JAPAN

Although Japanese society is quite openly erotic in many ways, such as in its massage parlors and kinky pornography, most Japanese women are quite shy and reserved. It will be up to you to make the first move. A good way to strike up conversation is to ask her blood type—in Japan, using blood type to predict a person's character is a popular practice, and many dating services use this system for their matchmaking (prostitutes will often put this information on the "tart cards" that they use to promote themselves in phone booths and elsewhere). But be cautious—the Japanese are averse to casual touching. That's the reason why they bow to each other instead of shaking hands. Public displays of affection are taboo, so don't expect to make out with a girl you just met. But don't be ashamed to suggest going to the nearest love motel. These motels are often quite elaborate, with themed decors, and are equipped with condoms, mirrors, and sex toys. Most of them are computer-operated to cause less embarrassment to their clients (they run about \$60 for a few hours). In bed, most Japanese women act submissively and will follow your lead, but that doesn't mean they are not sexual. Just the opposite: They are known for being rather orgasmic in bed.



THAILAND


Thailand is a notoriously hot place for getting laid. Indeed, the Thais invented sex tourism. Bangkok is a virtual candy store for most Western men, as it is loaded with the most explicit, most women-packed entertainment in Asia. Sex and strip clubs are everywhere. However, you don't need a fat wallet to play in Thailand. Many Thai women are very receptive to meeting American men, and they are willing to top off a date with a night in the sack. Yes, they see most Americans as rich, and they aren't adverse to wheedling some jewelry or gifts from their Western lovers, but everything is cheap in Thailand. You can get a lot of nookie for a little cash. Moreover, Thai girls don't mind if you are nerdy-looking

or a little overweight. A potbelly is a sign of good health in Asia—why do you think Buddha statues always show him with a big belly? And if you want two or more babes in your bed, Thai women often will arrange it for you. They are brought up to believe that a woman's duty is to please her man in bed, so anything that brings you pleasure falls within that. One caveat: Make sure you verify her age before you get in her panties—Thailand is infamous for its underage prostitutes with pimps who will engage in extortion.

KOREA

Although Korean women are often considered among the world's most beautiful, they are also among the hardest to seduce, because many prefer to date Korean men exclusively. Fortunately, there are plenty of women who will date foreigners, and the best place to meet them is in a *bang*—and no, I don't mean that kind of bang. *Bang* is the Korean word for room, and there are several types. A DVD *bang* is a room where you can rent videos and watch them on a big-screen TV. These are usually found in university settings and frequently used as make-out spots. A PC *bang* is a place to surf the Web or play videogames. They are usually dark, smoky, and considered great places for pickups. A *norebang* is a karaoke room. A *sarang bang* is basically a love motel where rooms can be rented by the hour; most of them have credit-card machines in lieu of a reception desk. Some of the rooms are extremely fancy, with recessed lighting and vibrating beds. Finally, if you are in the mood for some quick, upscale sex, you can check out a room salon, which is an expensive establishment where women will entertain you, wine and dine you, and act like they really, really like you—for the right amount of money, of course.

MOROCCO

Moroccans are more liberated than most Muslim women—women actually wear tight jeans in Morocco. But due to high emphasis on family, dating a Moroccan girl means dating her whole family—you will be pressured to marry her and to bring them all home to live with you. 

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NUDE AND DIFFERENT

My wife Zoe and I had been married for only five years, but it seemed as if we'd gotten into a rut. We used to have lots of fun when we were in college, but now it was always work, work, and more work. After weeks of badgering, I finally talked her into taking a few days off and secretly made reservations at a nudist resort.

Zoe was pleasantly surprised when we arrived. She agreed we needed to experience something new and different and that maybe this was exactly what we needed. What I hoped would happen was that we'd hook up with another couple and swap. Well, on our very first day we met another couple and they both wanted to fuck Zoe! They invited us to their room and after a little wine

and some good weed, we were all naked and Zoe was getting her pussy sucked by the guy's wife and loving it. Just seeing her with another woman's tongue buried in her slit was enough to make me come. Then the woman gave me a blowjob while I watched Zoe fuck the woman's husband.

We were there for only a long weekend, but we made the most of it. Zoe was insatiable and even wanted all three of us to do her at the same time. She got her wish and ended up getting double-fucked while the wife sucked on her tits. It was the most we'd fucked in months.

Just seeing my wife with another woman's tongue buried in her slit was enough to make me come.

By the time we left, we were all fucked out, but now that we're back home, sex seems to be a lot more exciting—especially since we still hook up with that couple on a regular basis.—*R.D., Michigan*

FAIR GAME

Ever since my buddy introduced me to his wife, Alana, I wanted her. But it wasn't until they got divorced and Mike moved to another state that I felt I could pursue her without feeling like a traitor. Mike had cheated on her several times and I felt she deserved better. I couldn't figure out what his problem was because Alana looks like a porn star. She's beautiful, with a figure to match, and I knew if I didn't let her know I was interested, someone else would beat me to it.

Knowing how much Alana loves to shop, I called her one morning, told her I could use her help picking out some shirts, and asked if she'd like to take a drive with me to the outlet mall. She got so excited she couldn't wait for me to pick her up and said she'd meet me at my place.

Fifteen minutes later, she arrived wearing a plaid miniskirt and a cute little blouse that made her look as if she were 30 going on 20. When you look at Alana, the thing that first strikes you is her awesome beauty. Seeing her was almost enough to make me head to the bathroom to jerk off—and I had just twisted one off to her in the shower an hour earlier.

The trip started out with talk about work and her divorce. She said she was much happier now that she was single and that she was looking forward to her new freedom. That sounded promising to me and

also convinced me that I hadn't approached her too soon.

We shopped for clothes, shoes, and stuff for her new apartment. As the day progressed, so did our comfort level. We goofed around and didn't hold back our opinion if something one of us tried on looked downright awful or really hot.

By late afternoon, the trunk was packed with bags and we were both starving. But I wasn't just hungry for food—I was ravenous for Alana. She'd picked out a couple of swimsuits that had me popping wood when she

I was totally turned on. I deliberately drew her attention to my hard-on when I told her how good she looked.

modeled them for me. I was totally turned on and didn't even try to hide my excitement. In fact, I deliberately drew her attention to my hard-on when I told her how good she looked.

Being friends with Alana and Mike gave me an advantage. Mike bragged a lot about his sex life, so I had an idea as to what Alana liked—toys. When we left the shopping area, Alana asked me where we were going and I told her I had a surprise for her. We'd traveled about four miles when we came to an adult bookstore. Alana pointed excitedly toward it and commented on how fun it would be to go inside. The look on her face was priceless when I told her that my surprise was the porn shop. After about 20 minutes of looking around, Alana found a pink vibrator with a clitoris stimulator that she liked. I bought it for her and told her it was a housewarming gift.

As we drove away, Alana took her new toy out of the box and began stroking it. The longer she played with it, the hotter and hornier we became. I stopped at a gas station and told her we needed gas, but I really stopped to buy her some batteries for the vibrator. We were back on the road when I handed her the bag. She looked inside, squealed, and loaded the batteries. Then, smiling, she said she couldn't wait to try it out. I laughed and told her to go right ahead. Alana pulled down her panties and leaned back against the door, revealing her creamy pussy.

"God, you're so wet. I wish I could taste you," I groaned.

"I think that can be arranged," she said. She dipped her fingers in her pussy, and then fed them to me. Just then, we drove past the restaurant, but I kept going. What I wanted wouldn't be on the menu.

"Good?" she asked. "Are you hard?"

"You have no ideal!" I said.

Alana smiled seductively and asked to see my dick. I didn't miss a beat and used one hand to unzip my pants. When my cock sprang free, she grasped it, stroked it a few times, then lowered her head and licked the tip. I thought my dick was going to explode at the touch of her tongue. I wanted nothing more than to come in her mouth, but Alana chose that moment to sit back and start fucking herself with the vibrator. I used one hand to stroke myself and kept glancing over





at her, watching the vibrator move slowly in and out of her snatch while the clit stimulator hit her love button at every stroke. It took only a few minutes for her to scream, "Oh my God! I'm coming!"

When she was done, she sat back and started in with the vibrator again. At that point I was driving, stroking my dick, watching Alana, and trying not to get into an accident. Finally, I begged her to have mercy on me and put the vibrator away until we got to my house. She laughed and said I'd better drive faster because she was horny as hell.

I got home in record time and practically dragged Alana inside. As soon as I closed the door, we kissed for the first time. The kiss wasn't gentle. Alana gave as hard as she

got and our tongues wrestled as we stripped off our clothes with our mouths fused together. I finally got to see Alana naked and it was almost enough to make me come. I pushed her back on the sofa and took over vibrator duty. That lasted all of two minutes before Alana pushed me back and moved us into a sixty-nine. While she sucked my cock, I fucked her with the vibrator, making sure the clit stimulator pressed firmly against her asshole every time I pushed it inside her. That left her stiff clit ripe for my tongue. It didn't take long for me to fill her mouth, and when she came,

I swirled my tongue around her clit, and her hips began to undulate, rotating and grinding against my lips.



she yelled out my name and flooded my mouth. I had the best time lapping her cunt juice from every beautiful fold of her pussy.

"What would you like to do now?" she asked.

There were so many answers to that question, I wasn't sure where to begin, but we started by having some food delivered and fucking each other's brains out for the rest of the night.—N.N., New York

BIRTHDAY WITH A BANG!

I work construction, and during the summer months it's almost impossible to take any vacation time. When my girlfriend, Sharon, flew south for a family reunion I couldn't go. While she was pretty upset at having to take the trip alone, she was even more disappointed that she wouldn't be with me for my birthday—so disappointed that she put our closest friend, Dana, in charge of making sure I wouldn't have to spend the night alone. Dana's naturally beautiful and a lot of fun. She also happens to be an excellent cook, so I knew she'd come up with something especially good.

Dinner was at Dana's place, and—true to her word—she'd whipped up my favorite dish. Everything was perfect. After dinner, when we'd moved to the living room for drinks, Dana handed me a birthday card from

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both her and Sharon. Inside the card, Sharon had written that my present had three parts. The first was the fantastic dinner Dana prepared. The third part would have to wait until she came home, but I could have the second part as soon as I got my birthday kiss from Dana.

When I told Dana I was ready for part two of my gift, she smiled, told me to close my eyes, and pressed her lips to mine in a long-lasting kiss that sent the blood rushing to my cock. I kept thinking, *This is so much better than any dessert she could have prepared!* But things got even better when she pulled back long enough to unzip my pants and free my woody. Then she kissed me again, letting her tongue explore my mouth as she stroked my throbbing cock.

When she broke the kiss, she breathed into my ear, "I hope you love sucking pussy as much as I love sucking cock, birthday boy!"

I had just enough time to wonder if there was another note in the card, explaining just how far I was entitled to go in claiming the second part of my birthday gift, before Dana pulled down my pants and took the head of my cock into her mouth. She began sucking on it and coordinating her hand movements along the shaft. I was in birthday heaven and I couldn't have stopped her even if I'd wanted to. But she pulled back before I came and led me into the bedroom.

I pulled off my shirt while Dana took off her clothes. After years of undressing her with my eyes, I finally saw her in all her naked splendor, looking even better than I'd imagined. I pulled her down onto the bed and fondled her big tits. I lapped at her large nipples until she drew my attention to her shaved mound.

"I need you right here," she moaned, as she spread her legs and touched her clit. I replaced her hand with mine and planted kisses along her belly as I made my way between her legs. I swirled my tongue around her clit and her hips began to undulate, rotating and grinding against my lips. Then, with my fingers pressing on her love button, I slipped my tongue inside to taste her and she came, quivering against my mouth.

I barely gave her a chance to recover before rolling her under me, pulling her long legs over my



shoulders, and driving my cock deep into her sopping cunt. I don't know how many times I'd imagined what it would be like to fuck her. I moved slowly in and out, savoring the way her muscles seemed to tighten each time I withdrew.

Now, I love fucking my girlfriend, but she doesn't express her enthusiasm like Dana. "Yes! Fuck me! Fuck me! Harder!" she screamed. I reveled in her zeal. It was refreshing and infectious. I picked up the pace and fucked her for all I was worth. It went on and on until she cried out and came all over my cock and balls.

Then she rolled me under her and took my cock back inside. As she rode me, I rubbed her clit and sucked on her tits until she once again reached a shuddering orgasm.

"Come inside me! I want to feel you come inside me!" she said, thrusting harder on my cock.

I didn't need any encouragement. I grabbed hold of Dana's ass cheeks and made one last hard thrust and grunted loudly, erupting inside her love hole. Part two of my beautiful birthday present lasted late into the night and throughout the next day.

A week later, Sharon and Dana gave me part three of my birthday gift in a phenomenal three-way that we're still enjoying together. It's the gift that keeps on giving!—L.S., Minnesota

I moved slowly in and out, savoring the way her muscles seemed to tighten each time I withdrew.

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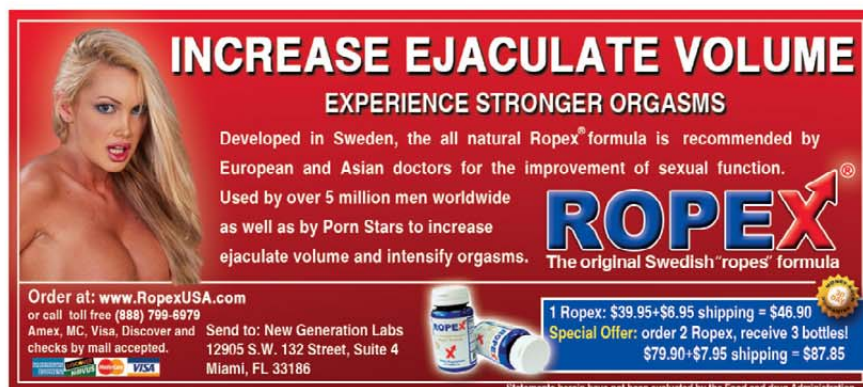
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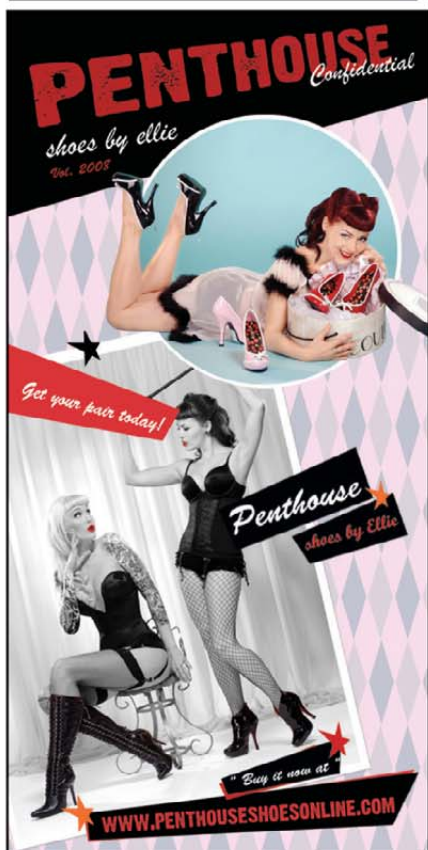
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Pet of the Month
Lexi Blade




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Georgia Jones,
and Lindsay
Marie



Thailand's
Joy Pimrawin

Now that we have announced our new Pet of the Year, we celebrate one of Thailand's: Joy Pimrawin, our latest International Pet. Finding the most beautiful girls in the world isn't always as easy as you might think, and our foreign publishers work at it as hard as we do. When the results are this enticing, how can we not share them?

Plus, you'll get to know the lovely Lexi Blade, and we're planning the double-trouble girl-on-girl action *Penthouse* is known for. But, as you can see, we're not stopping there—the luscious Georgia Jones makes the meat in a blonde-bread sandwich. You won't want to miss a single photo! 

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